

# ROLLING STONE

ACME

No. 39

AUGUST 9, 1969

UK: 2/6 35 CENTS

## BRIAN JONES: SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL





# ROLLING STONE

'All the News  
That Fits'

No. 39  
AUGUST 9, 1969

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ERIC HAYES

LONDON—Brian Jones, rhythm guitarist with the Rolling Stones from their inception in 1962 until his departure early last month, is dead. He was 25.

Jones died shortly after being pulled, unconscious, out of the floodlight swimming pool at his home in Hartfield.

Circumstances surrounding the late-night tragedy remain vague, despite testimony by three friends who were near the scene, despite a coroner's inquest, and despite blatantly sensational coverage by the London press.

Jones and his girl friend, 21-year-old Anna Wohlin, were hosting Frank Thorogood, a builder who had been doing repairs on Jones' country home, and another friend, Jenny Lawson, a 22-year-old nurse. Shortly after midnight that night (June 2nd) he was found at the bottom of the pool. Artificial respiration attempts, first by Miss Wohlin, who is also a nurse, and later by ambulance attendants, failed, and Brian Jones was dead by the time a doctor arrived.

First reports on the drowning of the musician left the cause of death unsaid. Later, Miss Wohlin was reported to have told a coroner from nearby East Grinstead that an asthma inhaler was found at the edge of the pool. "Brian used it automatically and particularly when he was in the pool and having difficulties in breathing," she said.

But after more talk with Miss Lawson and Thorogood and a pathologist's re-

port, coroner Angus Sommerville ruled that Jones died as a result of "drowning by immersion in fresh water associated with severe liver disfunction caused by fatty degeneration and ingestion of alcohol and drugs."

There were traces of pep pills, sleeping tablets and alcohol in his bloodstream, according to the pathologist.

At the inquest, a verdict was recorded that death was caused by "misadventure."

Two days after the death, the Rolling Stones paid tribute to their long-time companion at their free concert in Hyde Park. Before a big crowd of some 250,000, a somber Mick Jagger quoted a piece of poetry in memory of Brian. He read, from *Adonais* by Shelley:

Peace, peace!  
He is not dead, he does not sleep—  
He has awakened from the dream of life—  
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions,  
Keep with phantoms an unprofitable strife,  
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife  
Invulnerable nothings.  
We decay like corpses in a charnel;  
Fear and grief convulse us and consume us day by day  
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

And as the crowd sat silently on Hyde's grassy slopes, the group released 3500 butterflies to flutter over the audience—another gesture and greeting to Brian.

The poetic words and subtle, flying colors were soon overwhelmed, however, by the daily press, as they jumped on the coroner's findings and blew them up into National Tattler proportions. Sleeping tablets and pep pills became a "DRUGS SHOCK," in the mind of the Daily Sketch, while the Daily Mirror headlined: DRINKS AND DRUGS KILLED BRIAN JONES.

While Jones' three friends were quoted telling of Brian's "somewhat garbled speech" (after he had taken the sleeping pills) and the amount of spirits consumed that evening, other sources close to Brian told ROLLING STONE that other events directly leading up to the "misadventure" were being left untold.

Jones, of course, was the Rolling Stone most often connected to drugs, having been convicted twice on cannabis possession charges—in 1967 and 1968. Both times he received fines and warnings.

If Keith Richard and Mick Jagger were the mind and body of the Rolling Stones, Brian Jones, standing most of the time in the shadows, was clearly the soul.

Brian, in with Keith and Mick from the earliest—when the Stones were still

largely an R&B discussion group meeting in a Soho pub—was labeled the quietest, the moodiest of the group. But he was in fact the most vocal to the press, angrily and sharply defending the Stones' then-radical style of music, their appearance, their politics, and their whole style of life.

Jagger was out front on stage, and Richard, the lead guitar, was the man with the music. Jones put himself down as "nothing special." But with his fair, pouting face topped by a full bowl of flaxen blond hair, he was invariably placed in front of the others for group photos [Look at the covers for *Big Hits* (*High Tide and Green Grass*), *Aftermath*, *Out of Our Heads*, and *December's Children*]. He was the most hairy, the most dapper, and the most versatile with musical instruments. He was the first to leave the group—months, actually, before the news announcements. He was a Rolling Stone before he joined in 1962, and he led the life of a true Rolling Stone from 1963 to 1969.

Brian Jones was born February 28, 1944 in Cheltenham in Gloucestershire county, 98 miles to the west of London. He had musical, well-to-do parents in this health-spa-dominated, well-to-do town. But although his mother taught piano and his father dabbled with keyboard instruments, he picked up guitar and harmonica and taught himself And

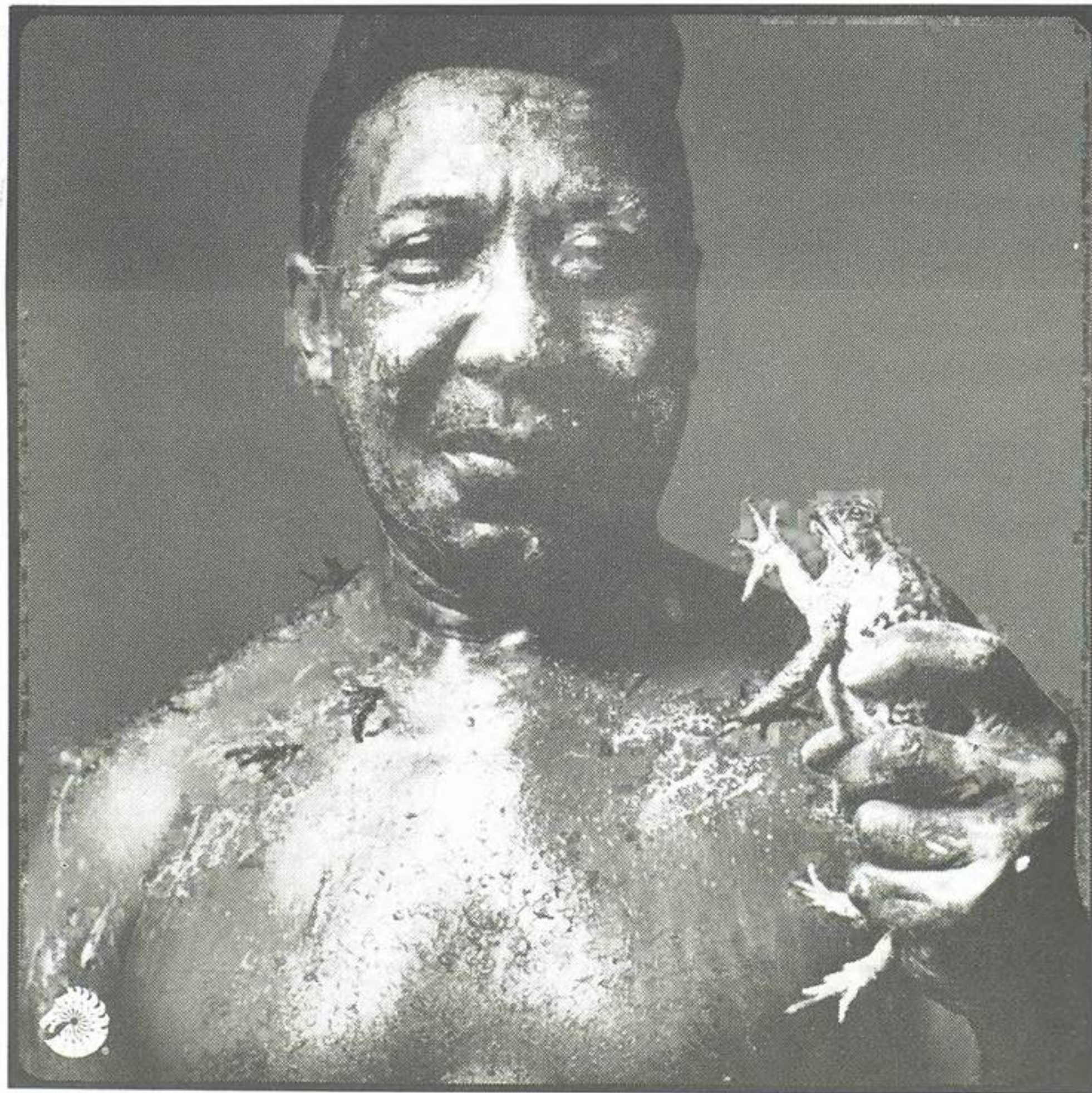
—Continued on Page 8



# Muddy's holding his own.

After the Rain  
Muddy Waters

Cadet Concept  
LPS-320  
Recorded In  
"Concept 12"  
Stereo







From San Francisco CAMERA, a new magazine of photography

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Rolling Stone is published by Straight Arrow Publishers, Inc., 746 Brannan Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Main editorial and business offices are located at the same address. Telephone (415) KLondike 2-2970. Rolling Stone does not assume any responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and photographs.

Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, California, and at additional entry office. Published bi-weekly in San Francisco.

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For information regarding retail and wholesale distribution (not subscription), please contact: Acme News Company, 140 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011, (212) 691-8550.

Rolling Stone is available by subscription (see back cover) at the following rates: twenty-six issues for \$6.00; fifty-two issues for \$10.00. Add three dollars for subscriptions outside the United States. One year air-mail subscriptions outside the United States are available for \$24.00 per year. Canada: \$8.00 for 26 issues.

This edition printed on July 16th for newsstand sales until August 9th.

## CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

A couple of weeks ago a friend of mine said Brian Jones has quit the Stones. I called his bluff and said "Ha don't try to kid me Brian would never leave the Stones." Well, the matter passed until I got issue number 37 of ROLLING STONE and it says Brian Jones Leaves Stones.

Being a great Stones fan I was totaled by that caption. Well, as I just recover from that I pick up the local paper and there's a picture of Brian front page news. Man, like, what could he have done? The caption reads "Ex-Rolling Stone Dead at 26" or something to that effect.

That was too much, Brian dead, impossible. A picture of him tossing a pie at the Beggar's Banquet party flashes through my mind. Brian was a great musician and as a tribute to him could you ROLLING STONE dedicate an issue to Brian Jones or at least add a supplement about him. Here's an idea for a title: "Sympathy for the Devil".

ROB MATTHEWS  
 FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT

SIRS:

Now that Tim Leary is running for Governor of California, he damn well needs every ounce of support he can get, God bless his freaky soul! This includes, needless to say, the editorial staff of ROLLING STONE who should devote at least a page per issue to inform every head in this country the latest campaign tactics, news, etc., direct from the headquarters of Uncle Tim's staff. Needless to add, every over- and under-ground paper will evolve into a staff of itself, guiding the issues, the movements and the celebrations.

First of all, tell me where the hell in California can our beloved Tim be found? I'm dropping out—completely—going to California with my Nikon F camera to be one of Leary's personal photographers during the campaign—making posters, billboards, helping to direct the action. What an adventure! I hereby announce, needless to say, that every STONE reader is to grab a seat on

the bandwagon and flood California with the hottest vibrations this side of Tricky Dickie.

LAWRENCE KNIGHT  
 COLUMBUS, OHIO

SIRS:

I thought you usually screened your ads. How can you advertise a bomb like *Stoned Age Man* by Joseph? Scepter Records sent me a copy to review and I threw it out.

I mean, in the ad it says Joseph was in a battle of blues guitars with BB King and T-Bone Walker. It must have been a fist-fight, because on the album he only plays rhythm. As for Joseph "doing his own thing" (baby!), I do my own thing too, every morning right after breakfast. Steve Tyrell of Scepter might be interested.

BRIAN CULLMAN  
 NEW YORK

SIRS:

I was delighted to read John Grissim Jr.'s discussion of the Nashville and rural music scene. It was relaxed and contained many of the elements that have to do with the values of Country Music today.

May I recommend an excellent book to your readers just published by the University of Texas press that is written by a live wire-non-academic type about the whole history of country music from the Twenties string bands right on through Buck Owens and the truck driving songs, *Country Music USA* by Bill C. Malone. It swings as does the best of country music.

One statement in Mr. Grissim's article about country music becoming more frank about sex and adultery since the Nineteen Twenties and Nineteen Thirties I have question with, as I think the same mixture of puritanism and hard-life sensuality can be found in recorded country music right through the Nineteen Twenties to the present. One only has to hear Jimmie Rodgers shoot off his cannon in "Pistol Packin' Papa" to know that "The Great Speckled Bird" wasn't the only thing flying in the Nineteen Twenties.

The real difference as Malone shows is the development of a star-oriented field firmly tied into American commercial music that occurred with Jimmie Rodgers' rise to fame where before in the Nineteen Twenties the performers were locally based without all the fancy trimmings. Anyway read *Country Music USA* for a beautiful job of country music.

JOSH DUNSON  
 SING OUT! MAGAZINE

SIRS:

Elvis may live in an Ivory Tower, he may make plastic movies, he may have a money-fanatic manager. But as his television show and recent records demonstrate, he has survived all that and he is still one of the most potent rock and roll showmen and record makers around. I mean, he is plugged into it and always was.

PEACHES FLECK  
 PIEDMONT, CALIF.

SIRS:

Being born by accident in the city of St. Louis, we would like to sincerely apologize for the recent fuck-up concerning the Doors' appearance here. We would also like to spit in the eyes of the law-abiding decent citizens who called the council and objected to the nice, clean-cut youths of our city being exposed to "such smut."

Actually we were more or less expecting the cancellation. St. Louis, shall we say, isn't the hippest city in the world. To compensate for the cancellation, St. Louis so generously gave us a decency rally. To show their appreciation, a vast majority of 1500 showed up. Unfortunately, we missed it. The people who did go probably were not conscious of who Jim Morrison is and how he does his thing (which is his own business anyway).

WITNESSES OF THE ETERNAL WOO  
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

SIRS:

Sorry to say that one of your staffers is clean up the butt, concerning your  
 —Continued on Page 4



# Random Notes

Where it's at: Paul Will sums up the Central Florida situation with a clip of a letter printed in the Orlando Sentinel, a letter which asks the editor how come the Supremes concert there got three articles and photos while Canned Heat and other head bands got nada. The editor replied: "We must be on the wrong side of the generation gap. We thought Canned Heat was something degenerates drank."

Sado-masochists in the Milwaukee area sit up late into the night watching for the Lucky Whip TV commercial. It's beautiful. As the action begins, there are these two little old ladies seated at the dining room table. They're about to have their dessert. All of a sudden this cowboy materializes in full costume before them—on his horse—and one of the ladies leans toward the other to say: "That looks like a cowboy there in the livin' room." "M'name's Lucky," drawls the cowboy, casting a keen eye at the shortcakes the old ladies are about to dive into. In a twinkling, he grabs for his whip and lashes out at one of the shortcakes, leaving a luxurious white crown of Lucky Whip behind. Whap—he creams the other shortcake, too. The old women are beside themselves, giggling and bouncing and imploring ol' Lucky to "whip some more!" But he don't. Lucky just grins for a split second, and then, with a creak of leather, rides off into the sunset.

One of the most pleasant and peaceful pop festivals in the U.S. this summer took place in, of all places, Atlanta, deep in the heart of Georgia. Just how peachy-keen even the fuzz were was illustrated by an incident concerning Red Turner and Tommy Shannon, drummer and bassist behind Johnny Winter. The two got back to their hotel room one night and found agents of the law waiting for them, with a good amount of grass spread out in front of them. "You fellas stick around," the narcs said as they swept up the evidence. "We'll be back in the morning." Next morning they were back. "You boys sleep well last night?" "Of course not." "Well, let that be a lesson to you." And they split, never to be seen again. Wheh!

Social notes: Steve Miller was married in San Francisco to his girl, a beautiful chick named Kim from Denver, Colorado. Read it and weep girls... In the same ceremony (at City Hall), pianist and lyricist Ben Sidran (who plays on the Miller LPs) was married to his long-time girl friend Judy. Vows were followed by a stoned champagne reception at the Fairmont Hotel in engineer/producer Glyn John's room. All this followed the completion of the fourth Miller Band LP the previous night at the Wally Heider Studios in San Francisco. LP will be released in October.

Short yuks: In defiance of the "thinnest books in the world" jokes, a new paperback is on the stands: *The Wit and Humor of Richard Nixon*. A larf a sentence... Here, it's Mama Cass with a bubble-gum-bordered LP, singing "I Can Dream, Can't I?" While in England, it's Max Romeo in and out of the charts with "Wet Dream"... And this note from Teheran: 10,000 Iranian dope peddlers have been released by government order, with just one friendly reminder: If they're caught hustling hash again, they'll be shot by firing squad.

If Ralph Nader thinks rock and roll is loud, it might pay him to study this passage, found in a 1938 *International Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians* under "Organs."

The early organs were pretty awe-inspiring. The one in Winchester Cathedral had twenty-six bellows with seventy men working them. The wind pressure was so great that the individual keys had to be opened by smashing down with the fist, and "organ beaters," as they were called, were generally chosen more for their pugilistic rather than musical abilities. What it sounded like was reported in a manuscript of about 950 AD by a monk named Wulstan:

"Like thunder the iron tones batter the ear, so that it may receive no sound

but that alone. To such an amount does it reverberate... that everyone stops with his hand his gaping ears, being in no wise able to draw near and bear the sound... The music is heard throughout the town, and the flying fame thereof is gone out over the whole country."

Winchester was no little burg for the day, so that mother must have been loud.

Blindly faithful to his music and to his friends, Jack Bruce has come out with a solo LP—his first recording effort since Cream's breakup. It's called *Songs for a Tailor*, the tailor being Genie (Jeanne) Franklin, the L.A. clothes-maker who was killed in a London automobile crash in May. On the LP, Bruce is backed by six musicians, including George Harrison. The record is due out in August.

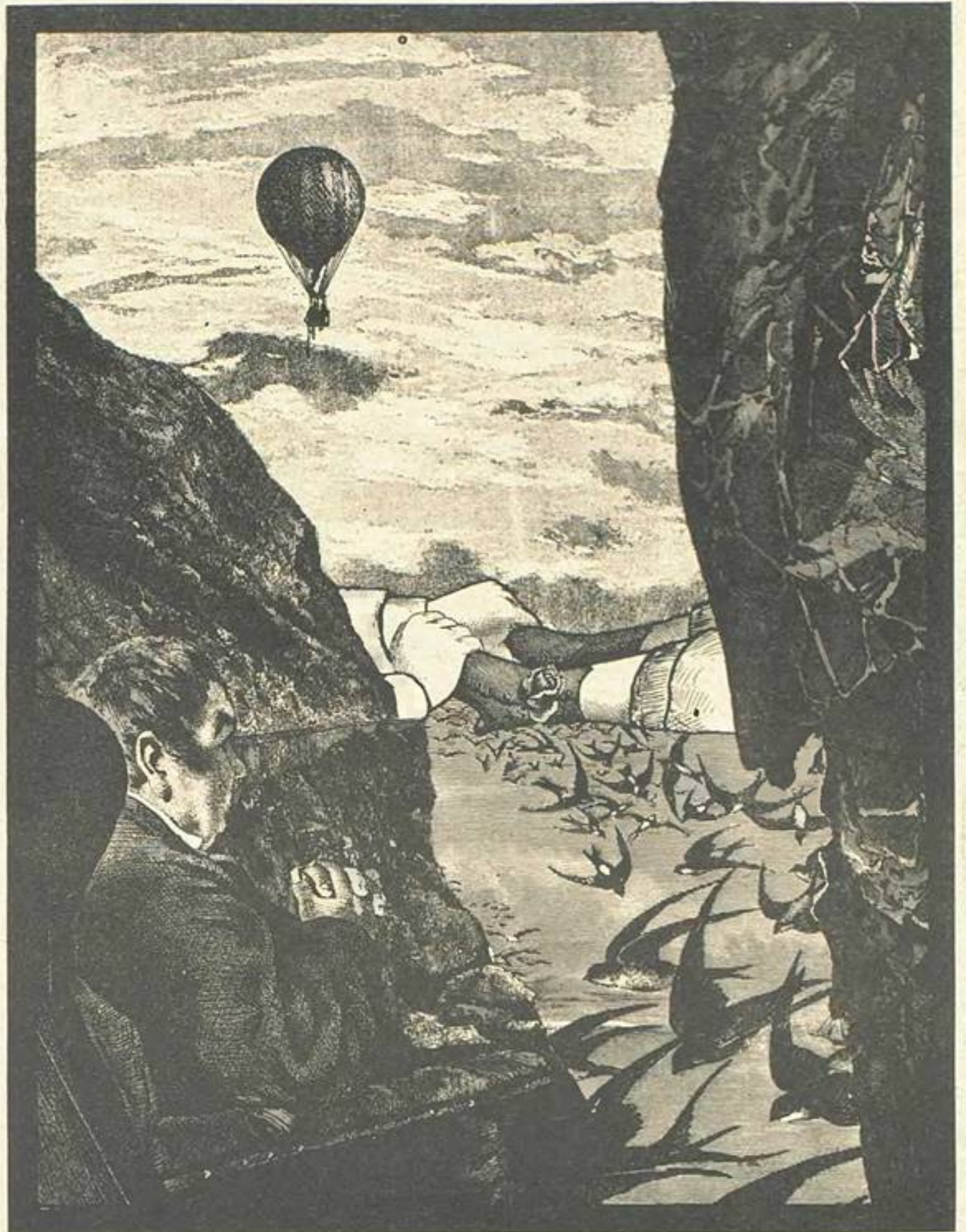
Attention, all you swingin' cats and chicks! There's a keen scene in 'Frisco August 7th at the Family Dog. It's the Pacheco Hop, with your favorite cool deejays spinning all the platters that matter. There'll be a real George dance contest, snowball dances, and bitchin' prizes for the guy and gal with the sharpest threads. Tony Pigg, that swingin' daddy-o from KSAN, has special surprises, too—like a film of a Les Paul and Mary Ford Listerine commercial. So dig up that pair of belt-backed Ivy League slacks and that 49er jacket, slick down that ducktail, grab your steady, jump in your wheels, and make the scene. Plenty of parking space for afterwards!! \$2.00 stag, \$3.00 drag. Be there or be square!

California now boasts two important schools of Indian Music: Ravi Shankar's Kinnara School in Los Angeles, and the rather newer Ali Akbar College of Music in the Bay Area. The Ali Akbar College, run by probably the most highly regarded musician in India, has taken on members of the Grateful Dead and Steve Miller Band recently, and on at least one occasion the tabla guru, Shankar Ghosh, has joined up in public with the Dead's drummers. In addition to giving instruction, faculty members give occasional concerts to help support the school: if you want to know what's going on, you can write them at Box 297, Sausalito, Calif.

Tough break for a Miami Beach traffic cop: he crashed his bike into a Cadillac and fell on his cannister of Mace, which exploded, leaving him badly burned and battered. That stuff is dangerous.

Director Franco (*Romeo and Juliet*) Zeffirelli's next movie will be *Brother Sun and Sister Moon*, a biography, with musical score, of St. Francis of Assisi. Francis, so the story goes, was a bearded, hirsute cat who communicated with flowers, trees, sticks, and stones, claimed to be trying to "live like Jesus," and bummed around town from pad to pad, barefoot, scroungy, and in rags. But he drew a following and was the center of a communal group of youngsters who preached "Love, Love, Love." Many years later an American city, with him in mind, named itself San Francisco.

It was a hot time in Independence, Iowa. A group of religious-minded young folk returned home from church camp overflowing with zeal, and burned \$150 worth of their own rock and roll records, plus \$100 worth of mod clothes (boys' lace-collared shirts, girls' slacks). They were moved to do this upon hearing the sermon of the Rev. Lowell Lundstrom (Assembly of God), a South Dakota evangelist and former rock band leader. He told them that "the clothes kids wear and the music they listen to are just part of an empty rebellion," and in the process, lit their fire. "We did it," explained one 17-year-old, "because we're tired of fooling around. We want to do good things." You can buy 35 or so LPs with \$150, and how many mod clothes \$100 will buy depends on your tailor. But it's a start, it's a start.



SATTY

## LOVE LETTERS AND ADVICE

—Continued from Page 4  
comments about ABC-FM owned radio stations. Here in L.A. ABC Love Radio is far superior to any other FM rock station. Its DJ is a Brother John (who almost never talks) who compared with B Mitchell Reed on KMET (who never shuts up) is fantastic. ABC is really a delight to listen to, almost no talk, no long-winded commercials, and a lot of good music.

Also concerning the comment about the caliber of music played, and I quote, "underground music is music not good enough to make it above ground." Tell me, what about Tommy James and the Shondells or Tommy Roe or the all time heavy band the 1910 Fruitgum Company? Do these groups deserve air time? I don't think they even deserve studio time. Why is it we never hear Jethro Tull (a band far superior to 99 per cent of the groups out today)?

If this is the true state of music today God help us. (The going price for God is only three dollars for four ways.)

SANDY AND MURRAY SOBEL  
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

If Ritchie Yorke thinks Toronto is staid and conservative (June 28th issue), maybe it's because he's reflecting the attitudes of the Establishment newspaper here for which he writes condescending articles on rock and its "half-crazed" fans.

ANGUS TAYLOR  
TORONTO, CANADA

SIRS:

Saw that letter from "hip" people at Colgate University ("gear-fab"). Well, just to set their "heads" in the right direction, it wasn't Gary Brooker's voice they heard inside "In Held 'Twas I." This time it is the voice of organist Matthew Fisher that "blew their minds."

"Nothing's better left unsaid."

TOM DICK HARRY  
MESA JR. COLLEGE  
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

SIRS:

Thank you for the letter on Rick Nelson. We have long admired his style and ability—which have spent too many years in the shadow of an outgrown idol image. The vitality of his original style has evolved into something richer and uniquely emotional. He plays it straight. And he becomes a contemporary experience.

It was too much to read that Rick's appearance at the Cellar Door in D.C. was to him "like opening a window"—a time of insight into what he could do and do well. When he sang "I Think It's Going to Rain Today" and Hardin's "Reason to Believe," he opened the whole damn door for us. And the world has looked a little different ever since.

SANDIE AND BUCK JONES  
SPRINGFIELD, VA.

SIRS:

Your July 12th issue carried a review of Lester Bangs on the new Alice Cooper LP. At one point in the review Mr. Bangs made a reference to Ray Davies' great fuzztone lead work on the early recordings. I would like to offer, as a point of information, that Jimmy Page was the guitar player responsible for the lead guitar work on nearly every early Kinks record including the two songs mentioned in the Alice Cooper review.

In fact, when Jimmy released a record of his own the Kinks tried to get an injunction against it on the basis that it was a cop from their style. Actually, the record was pure Jimmy Page but made it very clear to any listener where Kinks got that lead sound. The record was called "She Just Satisfies" and was released in the United Kingdom in 1965 on the Fontana label. It was never a hit but Sky Saxon copped the basic content of it some time later and wrote a tune around it called "Trip Maker."

Lester Bangs made mention of some Yardbird raveups in the review, and I should mention the Jimmy had a finger, if not a whole hand, in that also. Not only was Jimmy a super active session player for several years in England but also taught guitar to a number of people who are now considered heavies. When you hear a heavy English freakout blues based guitarist... you can almost always trace his musical evolution back to Jimmy Page and the years 1964 and 1965.

GARY MARKER  
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

SIRS:

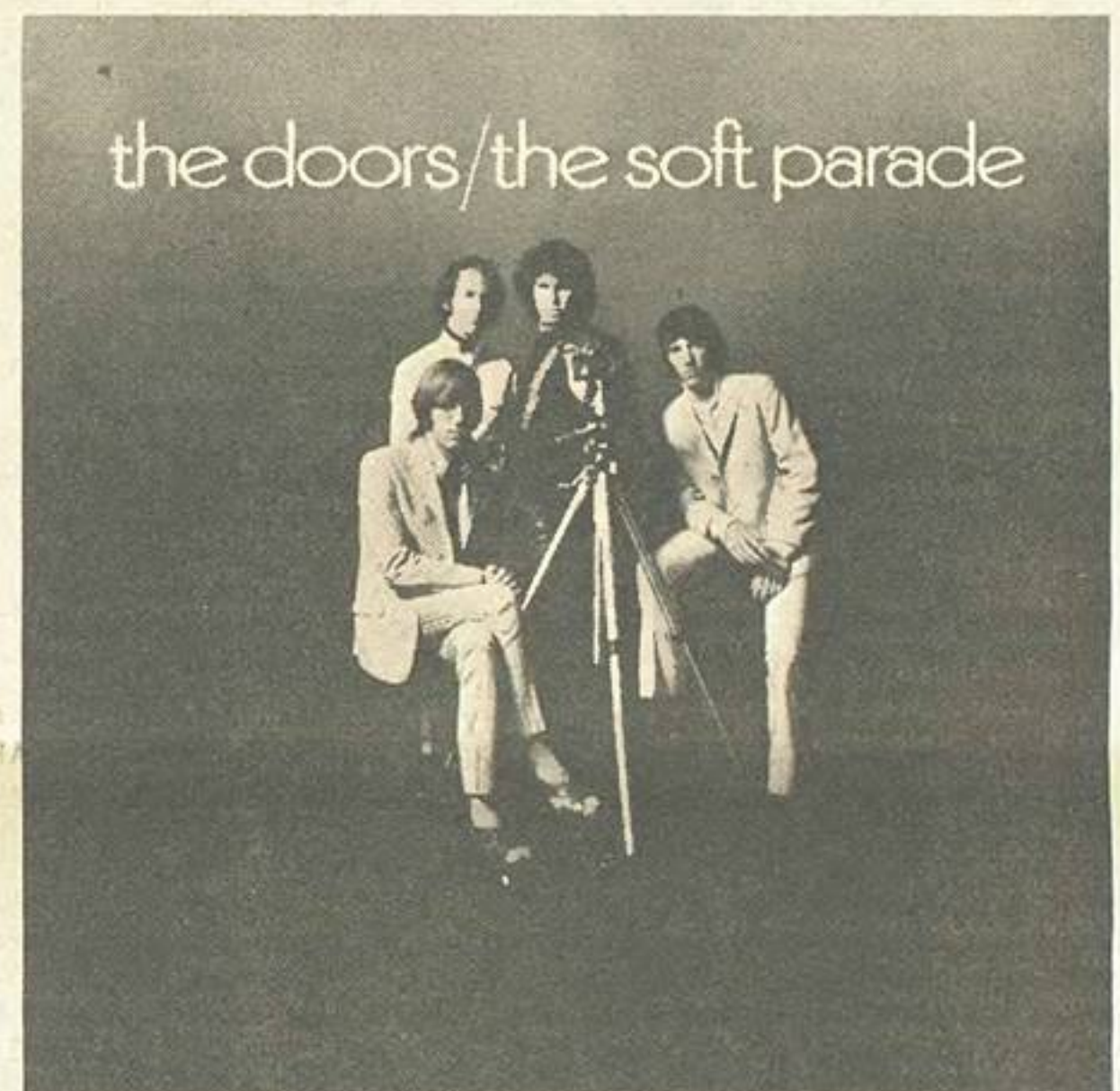
If you hate *It's a Beautiful Day* so much, Lester Bangs, send it to me. One of my favorite things is "rotted posies pressed between pages of Tennyson."

KIM TURNER  
SAN FRANCISCO



# The Doors.

Their new album is here. The Soft Parade. It is Jim Morrison. And John Densmore and Ray Manzarek and Robby Krieger. The Soft Parade. It is Touch Me. It is Wishful Sinful. It is Tell All The People. It is much more. It is today and tomorrow. It is emotion. It is perception and poetry. It is the Doors and their search for things known and unknown. For things real and unreal. The Doors. The Soft Parade.



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ERIC HAYES

BY GREIL MARCUS

July 3, 1969

Death permeates the world of rock and roll because it's a risky business. It's risky to be a star, to be treated like one, to act like one. It used to be fashionable to speculate on all the incredible things Bob Dylan might do if he lived past thirty—even old-timer Alan Lomax said something of the sort, I remember—and of course Bob Dylan will most likely outlive us all, not that I look forward to dying before he does, but can you think of anyone you'd rather grow old with, even at a distance?

Brian Jones didn't live past thirty—he died at twenty-six, at the bottom of his swimming pool, probably swallowing some water, too stoned to catch his breath and come up for air. Jones has a lot of company: Sam Cooke, shot in the stomach; Holly, Valens, Richardson, dead in a plane crash; Eddie Cochran, auto accident; Brian Epstein, pills and booze; Frankie Lymon, heroin; and of course, Otis Redding, whose death was probably the most tragic of all. The deaths of these men, boys some of them, affected me powerfully—I can remember that—but I woke up to hear that Brian Jones was dead and not more than a ripple of sorrow passed through the room. It was time for it, there was just nothing left for him to do. Become a Rolling Stone and die.

Jones' death, like Sam Cooke's, was not spectacular, but sordid; Jones had been in and out of court and jail on

drug busts for a couple of years, and I doubt if anyone really believed the official explanation of his departure from the Stones—"He wanted to make his own music." Sure, but I doubt if it was the kind of music one makes with guitars. How does one come down from the status of a *Rolling Stone*? The news of Jones' death seemed as inevitable as a body count. There was no way to deal with it.

It was not dealt with at all. The Stones' new single, "Honky Tonk Women," one of their best, certainly the best thing going on any radio, had just been released, and hours after Jones' picture hit the front page of the paper—"Death of an Idol"—a DJ was rapping: "Well that's the new single by the Stones gonna be their biggest in a long time looks like ol' Brian Jones really missed out on this one too bad."

When the Stones started out in 1962 it was Jones, Jagger and Richard who were the real fanatics, who knew they'd make it and pushed until they did; bassist Bill Wyman and drummer Charlie Watts were a bit skeptical, nursing their secret hopes but not really believing in the band the way the other three did. Jones' contribution to the Stones wasn't musical, not really, though he was a fine musician, versatile, kneeling down on dulcimer or zither or whatever it was on "Lady Jane," Jones the sensual guitarist, sitting back with his harmonica, his organ, his piano, harpischord, bells, whatever was lying around, whatever sounded right at the time.

Jones was perhaps more of a Rolling Stone than any of the others. What the Stones as a group sang about, what Jagger and Richard wrote about, Jones did, and he did it right out in public, and he got caught, and he looked the part. Paternity suits even in the early days, dope busts, pink suits, chartreuse suits, the bell of yellow hair and the impish grin, even the red and yellow stripes he wore that made Mick Jagger look like he was wearing Salvation Army leftovers—that was Brian Jones. A true rake. He wasn't acting out the Stones' music, he just happened to be the Stones' music, and that was one reason why you know the Stones always mean it, why you know they aren't sitting around thinking up clever ideas that might make a good song—it was always valid and Jones was the reason, part of the reason, why "the red 'round your eyes shows that you ain't a child" wasn't an idea, wasn't "hey let's write a song about methedrine," but was fact, rough fact, rake's fact.

A few years ago there were a lot of songs written and a lot of questions asked about such things as "Who Killed Davey Moore" and "Who Killed Norma Jean" and so on. The answer, of course, was "everybody," and it seems rather a pallid, stupid answer right now, because those questions and their common answer enforced the kind of guilt one could assuage by making a contribution to the United Crusade or the City of Hope. Cheap guilt and cheap salvation. A metaphysical cry for spare change—spare some of your soul, we're taking up a col-

lection for good ol' Brian Jones.

I hope the Stones don't respond that way. I really hope they don't show up at Jones' funeral in black suits and grey ties. In a way, Jones' death shows us and maybe Mick Jagger himself that the Stones weren't kidding when they sang "Sympathy for the Devil." "I lay traps for troubadours who get killed before they reach Bombay. Pleased to meet you, hope you guess my name. But what's confusing you is just the nature of my game." As H. P. Lovecraft wrote in *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*,

*I say to you againe, do not call up Any that you cannot put downe; by the which I meane, Any that can in turn call up somewhat against you, whereby your powerfulllest devices may not be of use.*

The Rolling Stones call up whatever they can use, and it's no worry whether or not it can be "put down" later on. "Sympathy for the Devil" turns out to be the epitaph of Brian Jones as surely as if he'd written it himself and left it lying by that pool as a suicide note. Jones didn't commit suicide because he wasn't any Ernest Hemingway sitting around thinking up new ways to prove his manhood. You can't come down from being a *Rolling Stone*. No way down, and one way out.

It happens. Traps for troubadours, and sometimes one doesn't stumble into them but goes looking for them. We grow up with death. Brian Jones, R.I.P.

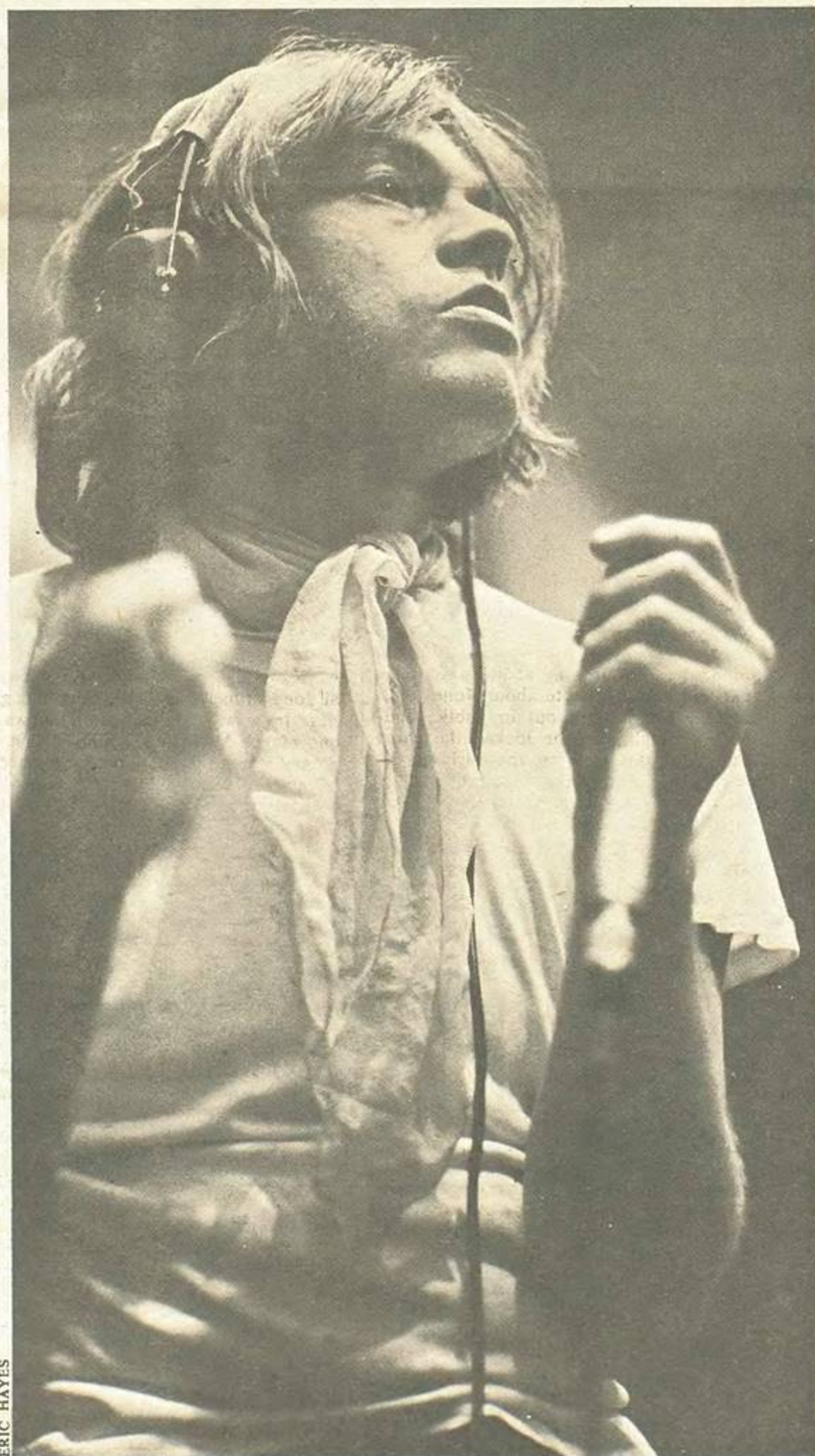




MIKE ASHBY



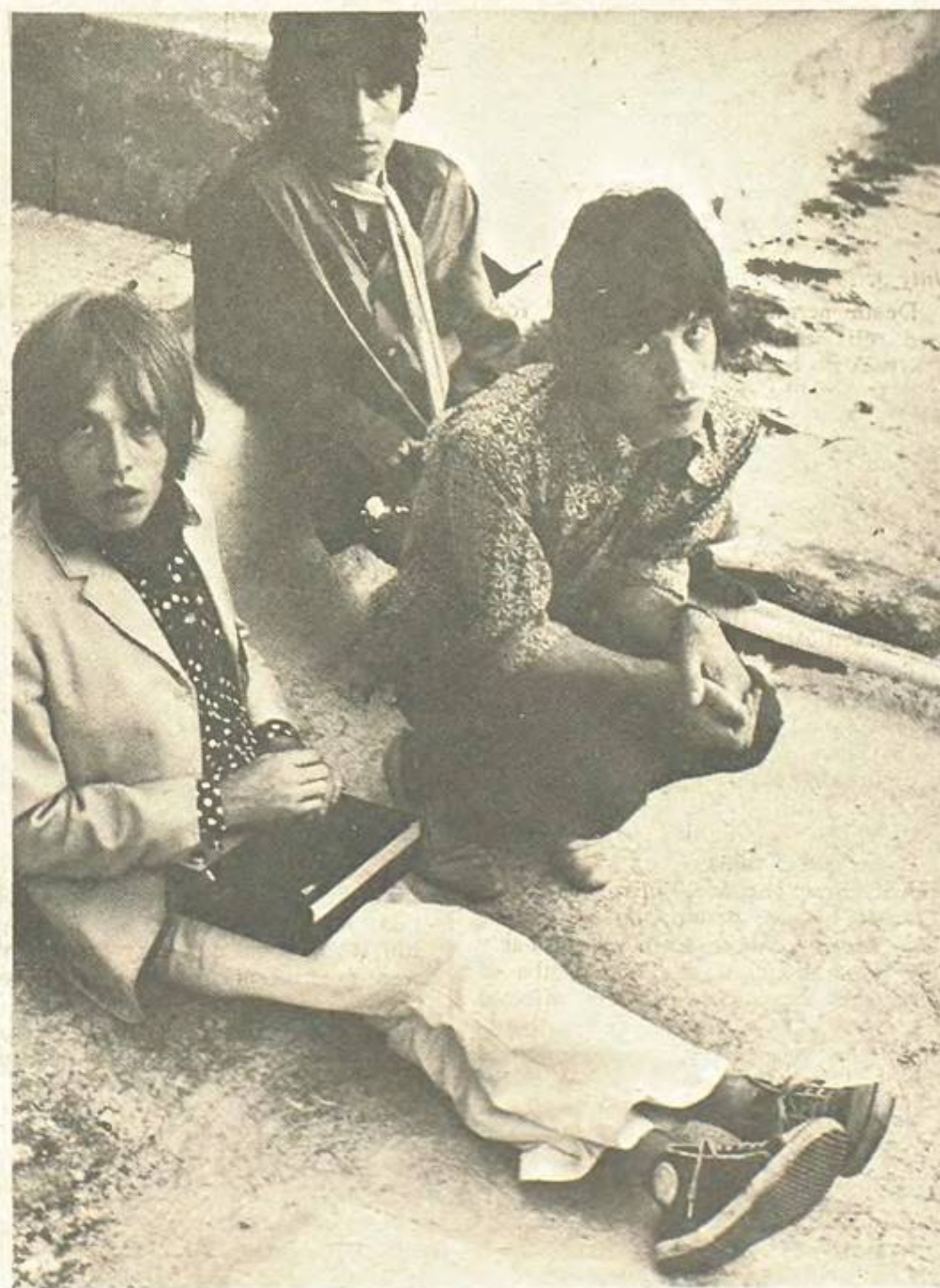
ERIC HAYES



ERIC HAYES



JIM MARSHALL



CECIL BEATON





ETHAN RUSSELL

*Continued from Page One*  
although his parents sent him "to the finest schools," he was a non-conformist from the first grade on, and he was suspended from Cheltenham Grammar School for starting a rebellion against the prefects.

Jones was a fine scholar, excelling in English and music, but he hated sports—"I couldn't stand all that organization," he recalled—and put homework aside so that he could listen to records and the radio. He liked early jazz numbers like "Muskrat Ramble" and "When the Saints Go Marchin' In."

By 1960, he had made his first investment in music—three pounds (\$7.20) for a Spanish guitar, and had discovered rhythm and blues. But England was being washed over by a tide of what was called "trad jazz"—the music of Kenny Ball, Chris Barber, and Acker Bilk. Brian Jones played trad jazz with various bands in small clubs and halls around the west country until the music—and a confining daytime office job—drove him off to distant Scandinavia.

Whatever funds he had didn't last long, and Jones was soon back in England, storing up money again from numbers of odd jobs. As a coal-lorry driver, he listlessly steered a black-coated wagon around Cheltenham; as a clerk in a record shop, he argued with patrons over their preferences for trad jazz, praising, in vain, his discoveries of early American blues artists and R&B. Finally, in 1962, he made the 100-mile trip to London, where he gravitated to the Blicklayers' Arms, a popular pub now turned into a wholesale house for milli-

nery goods. It was there that Mick Jagger and Keith Richards had been meeting to plot out their plans for an R&B group; it was there that Mick and Keith, joined by Brian, began the Rolling Stones.

Just as Jones suffered with Jagger and Richards through jobless, moneyless, foodless days and nights in and out of a dingy Chelsea flat, he was in the forefront when it came time to work—trad jazz was beginning to fade—and to fight against the older musicians so determined to maintain their club jobs.

At the Ealing Jazz Club, where the three upstarts sat in with R&B guitarist Alexis Korner's band, the Stones were able to test their music before receptive crowds. But the full group—with a college student Dick Taylor on bass and a succession of fill-in men on drums—really began when Jones found a club in Richmond-Surrey willing to hire them. First press clippings (which Brian saved in his wallet), the addition of Charlie Watts and Bill Wyman; help from Paul McCartney and John Lennon in the recording studios, growing audience enthusiasm—and the band rolled.

Life as a Rolling Stone, of course, was life as a blotter for massive smear jobs by the press and by straight entertainers bewildered by the ragtag, long-locked young rebels. The Stones didn't care. But someone had to answer the scurrilous, widespread attacks. Brian did:

"These ruddy reporters don't seem to want to take us seriously," he said in his soft, determined way. "Well, that's okay. We'll make them eat their lousy words one day. We'll make them take

our music seriously."

For their increasingly regal clothes and their increasingly long hair, they were called "a bunch of perishing cissies." Brian, who himself fancied coats with velvet collars, again spoke out. "Intolerant bunch. We're getting it all the time, but we'll never change. It's that lot across there who're the trouble makers. They're the ones who lack politeness and they've got no excuse. They're old enough to know better."

The Stones, he said over and over again, would never change. But while the group tumbled through their natural progressions—through the *Satanic* LP and the *Beggar's Banquet* LP-cover hassle, through busts of Jagger and Richards, through abortive film and television projects and talk about their own production company—Jones was, in addition, going through his own bringdowns and breakdowns. He was busted in May, 1967 on charges of possession of cannabis and sentenced, that October, to nine months in jail (he was later given a suspended sentence and placed on a year's probation). Between the arrest and the trial, he slipped into a rest home in London—"to get myself together," he said later. He spoke of work pressures forcing him to go under a doctor's care and to go to the nursing home, but he hardly let his drug case settle before he took off to foreign lands and to foreign musics.

Jones had always been the most enthusiastic traveler among the Stones. After the group's first exhilarating tour, in 1964, he said that he might live in America one day. But now he was in

Ceylon, doing a "home movie." Then he was in Marrakesh, in Tangier for a holiday when a Moroccan band playing in a market square caught his sensitive ears. He corralled long-time Stones engineer Glyn Johns to go back to Morocco with him, and they spent a week recording them. Jones' idea was to overdub the largely-percussion-and chant sounds with Western R&B for an album. Allan Klein, Stones business manager, still has the unreleased masters for that record.

And Jones continued to play music. "He was extremely versatile," Johns said. After the guitar and harmonica, he learned clarinet, and eventually mastered all the reed instruments. In addition, Johns said, "he played recorder, soprano sax—he played that one 'Baby, You're a Rich Man'—keyboard, and all string instruments, including the harp." Jones also played sitar in 1967, and for *Beggar's Banquet*, in fall of 1968, he played a countrified steel guitar and piano.

*Banquet* was pretty much Jones' final effort with the group. He was busted a second time for possession of grass, received a light fine and began to drift. The pressures had swelled again, and Jones found it necessary to be alone.

His next appearance in the news was on June 8th for an announcement: that he was leaving the Rolling Stones permanently, due to a difference in music policy. He revealed nothing about his own future further than: "I want to play my own kind of music."



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## Kesey: Unzipping for the Summer Solstice

BY KEN KESEY

LONDON—This winter Solstice there were six of us at Stonehenge waiting to celebrate the sunrise. Six souls. Two TV men from rehearsing a scripted narrative: "... thus again old Sol rises from grey ages into these mysterious sentinels of stone..." a Dutch cameraman, a Bay Area cowboy named Slade, an old red-faced guard replete with blue uniform and Scotch Burr, and this has-been hippy from Oregon.

Six representatives at man's oldest appointment. Where were the Druids?

"Not a peep from 'em," the guard told Slade and me. He was a little disgusted at the turnout. "And them two BBC blokes never even heard of Stonehenge before this assignment. I was of a good mind not to let 'em in, letter and all." He snuffed and unzipped his fly.

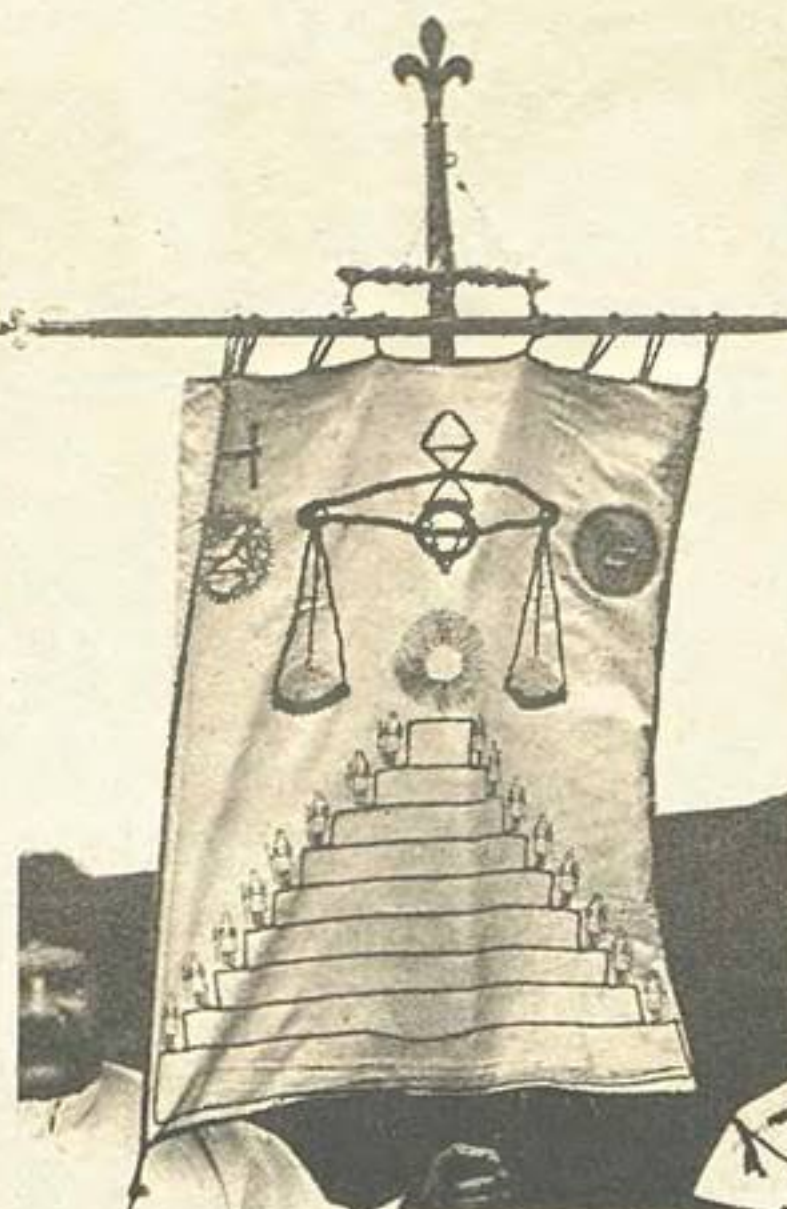
"They had permission to get in early?" Sunrise was due a little after six but the sign on the cyclone fence that surrounded the stones had clearly stated that the stones were not available to the general public until nine-thirty.

"Twenty-five bob it did them, that and a special letter of permission from the home office. Not one soul elset, though," he let us know. "I give way to you three boys account I got a lot of feelin' for the Yanks. But not one soul elset ner them Hell's Angels nuther!"

A hundred yards back along the path the rest of our party waited in their cars. After lengthy pleading Slade and the Dutchman and I had gained an early entrance—owing, I think, to the impressive film rig we were helping the Dutchman carry. I've noticed a big expensive movie camera is the key to a number of forbidden doors.

"Aye, you Yanks has always treated me decents. Decenter than my own country fellows, oftens."

He snuffed at the BBC men again and commenced to piss on one of the upright stones.



Let us desecrate together

"Give me some lovely tips during tourist time, you Yanks has. Many's the time, many's the time."

Sunrise was still some minutes off. Plenty of time for the guard to revoke our special permission. The threat was implicit in the sound of the solitary trickle in the winter dawn. But Slade and I had an edge on the old man. We knew we didn't have so much as a pound between us. Our bluff had got us this far but now the Dutchman was setting up his rig with obvious confidence that he could pull it off alone. The guard waited for us to turn our last card, unaware that when the stakes are changed, so are the trumps. So Slade and I unzipped and joined the surprised guard in a grand mingling of juice down that venerable stone. There was a tense instant as the guard's bladder emptied first and he was just a weaponless old joke flanked by two who knows perhaps dangerous American crazies, but Slade managed to smooth things over with his warmest Buffalo Bill grin:

"I figure," Slade drawled, shaking himself and zipping up his levis, "if y'all gonna desecrate, desecrate."

A few minutes later the sun slid up that slot between those two big rocks just like somebody had planned it that way. Six souls and the sun.

Last month at Stonehenge at the Summer Solstice dawn there were an estimated six thousand souls, over the fence

past the cops and the gate, hours before the 9:30 opening, in time for a sunrise they believe belongs to all men.

And the sun didn't rise. It was cloudy. And in Aspen Meadows above Santa Fe the Great Bus Further lost her silver bell to the Great Bus Road Hog in the First Annual Summer Solstice Great Bus Race.

And in Massachusetts somebody got a sunrise movie of a saucer (landed in an A and W lot, took a soil sample of the cement and split). We have film of the Stonehenge and Santa Fe scenes, in 16mm color with sound, but we missed saucer and, from what we've heard, other Solstice filmings from around the world. So how about this: everybody with footage of the Summer Solstice get together, shuffle geography and heads and share in whatever profits or losses happen in the production of a full length Solstice film.

Interested parties in the West can work at our farm in Pleasant Hill. Bring footage, equipment, sleeping bags. Phone (503) 746-9230.

In the East contact Bobby Miller, (217) 799-7112.

In Europe call Bobby Stienbrecher, London, 437-2980, WES-7876.

Then from these three points pool footage and fantasy and maybe get them to let us into our dawn on time and for free.

## Rock Too Much For Newport

NEWPORT, R.I.—Short, bald, fat and 42-year-old George Wein brought rock to the 16th annual Newport Jazz Festival this year. At the outset, he said his intention was to bring "a new, young audience to jazz," and "to bridge the gap between jazz and rock." As usual these days, the chasm was more apparent than the link.

And, at Newport, Wein himself fell into the pit with the loudest thud. Three days after the concert was over, he decreed that there will never again be rock at any of his festivals because of "petulant and destructive youths."

It's doubtful that youths, petulant or otherwise, would be trooping back with any eagerness, anyway. Although Festival Field officials claimed a record attendance of 80,000 (the previous jazz festival high was 58,000 in 1958), jazz buffs were dragged by it all and left with the feeling that they'd been invited to the wrong parents' party.

It started evenly enough Thursday night, July 3rd, as 3,500 faithful huddled under umbrellas for six hours of jazz. They nodded with nostalgia, in time with the past, to appearances by Young-Holt Unlimited, the Bill Evans Trio with Jeremy Steig on flute and Kenny Burrell on guitar, Sun Ra ("But is that really jazz?" asked one crew-cut dude of his wife) and Anita O'Day, who worked into "Here's That Rainy Day." For Wein, thus far, it was so much sunshine. In 1954, he had been a Boston nightclub owner, and, here he was now, an entrepreneur.

Unhappily, modern jazz shrank into the shadows that enveloped swing before it, and the receipts dwindled. Catching the wind, Wein decided this year that "jazz has simply taken on a broader

meaning." He also allowed as "rock is what's selling the festival." He wasn't, however, ready for what was coming with it.

On Friday afternoon, rock made its first appearance with the 13-piece Lighthouse, with four horns and four strings as well as a rock quintet. Nobody was very bothered. Nor was anyone particularly turned on. Lighthouse came, went, and was followed by a nice old-fashioned jam session.

Friday evening, the crowds descended. The city of Newport had stipulated that attendance be limited to 22,000 inside the field. But an additional 2,000 seats were added without objection, in hopes that this would assuage the pressure. 10,000 people hovered on the hill. The tension built.

Rock came on stage in earnest. Ten Years After. Jethro Tull. And it was a long way from the Fillmores. The sound was really distorted. The promoters of rock-with-jazz hadn't taken into consideration what equipment is required to play amplified music. And the music wasn't coming through.

Kerplunk-splatt—whoosh, a 20-foot-wide section of the ten-foot-high fence surrounding the field was knocked down. The kids went right on through. Those already inside started pushing forward. The police stayed calm, but Impresario Wein was abruptly the high school principal. As he stalked the stage the message was: Stay in Your Seats, Boys and Girls. If You Don't Stay in Your Seats We Won't Be Able to Have Any More of These Nice Festivals. "If something happens here at Newport," cautioned Mr. Wein, "it might affect the whole pop scene." So: the police blocked the break in the fence, and, after an intermission, Blood, Sweat and Tears came on, soothingly professional for the jazz heads. And so they should have been, as they were doing their album note for note, the only difference being that you could see David Clayton-Thomas do his Leather Number.

And then, for the first time, jazz and rock really did get together, blind saxophonist Roland Kirk raising the audience from their seats with intricate music and evangelist enthusiasm. "We're gonna get on, we're gonna get on like the black keys and the white keys on the piano, get it on," he bellowed, setting the hill-siders dancing. He got an ovation and came out for an encore.

Unlike past festivals in Newport, the fuzz left people alone to sack out on the beach, in the woods, along the roads, in the cemetery, relieving the pressure with inanities, such as busting CBS ad-man and house hippie Jim Fouratt for obstructing a police vehicle. He was in the Newport jail overnight and, although not permitted to make the constitutional-right telephone call, his camp followers were allowed to send in rations. In all, there were only 53 district court arraignments.

There was considerable standing around on Saturday all over the seaside resort, until the afternoon show opened. Zappa, in orange jersey trousers, fretted about the teenyboppers and led the Mothers through a respectful set. Miles Davis, in silver-studded jeans, drew an ovation and remarked afterwards: "I enjoyed myself more than I ever have. There was life there and I specially enjoyed hearing Blood, Sweat & Tears and John Mayall, everybody. Everyone was encouraging each other backstage. It was something to look forward to and I went every night." And then, what Kirk had done as a jazz musician for the rock people, John Mayall did for the jazz heads, most of whom had never heard of him. Drawing on blues, country music and jazz, the British singer, harmonica player and legend got the first standing ovation of the festival. Hey Gladys, this rock and roll wasn't so bad.

Saturday night, it all came apart, or together, depending on what cheering section you were aligned with. The Dave Brubeck Trip with Gerry Mulligan went on and came off, Art Blakey's Jazz Mes-

sengers came on and went off and the Gary Burton Quartet came on and went off. Sly and the Family Stone came on and everything went off. The rain. The crowds. Firecrackers. And, above all, establishment paranoia.

The fence went again. To prevent more damage to the fence, the gates were opened and bands of wild hippies, LSD on their breath, swarmed through, pushing the bleacher audience forward, vaulting over the VIP box seats, shoving into the press section, slamming the customers into the stage, all the while Sly, monarch of his own fascist jungle, urging everyone higher! Higher! Higher!

There were 27,000 people outside the field and 3,000 kids burst through. Security guards covered the stage shoulder to shoulder, but kept cool the while, and a platoon of police and national guardsmen, equipped with tear gas, stayed back stage and out of sight. "At no time were matters out of control," said Police Chief Frank Walsh.

The same could not be said of Wein. All flailing arms, he stalked the stage, crying, "Alright you kids, be cool, be cool, we don't want any riots," as firecrackers shot into the crowd, fist fights erupted between what one observer described as gas station attendants and boogalooers, and hippies leaped over the bodies—flashing the victory sign furiously—and one acid tripping lady went into her own gymnastic reverie. Sly played on, digging it, and the audience still with seats stood on them. To the encore applause for Sly, Wein replied: "That's all—Sly isn't playing anymore."

General uptightness having strangled much of the festive in this festival, the crowd had diminished by Sunday afternoon to 7,500 when James Brown and company came on to do their energetic thing. Sunday evening was opened for a 12,000 strong field audience by the Illinois State University Stage Band. They

—Continued on Page 38





# LIBERATION

BY JOHN BURKS

CHICAGO—There are so many remarkable things about the rock cantata *Liberation* that it's hard to know where to begin. It's probably the only cantata in the history of music with the Che Guevara, Tom Paine and Socrates as its principal characters. It's staged in an ancient loft that once was a bowling alley over a hip Northside bar (the Oxford Pub). It's free—no admission charge. And it may just be the best wedding of revolution/rock/opera/dance/lightshow/mime/jazz/liberation—it's first of all rock and roll, but it's all these other things at the same time—yet devised.

The composer is Bill Russo, and this, too, is an item for amazement for those who remember his work with Stan Kenton during the Fifties. Russo's compositions were perfect for Kenton: rigid structures of frozen perfection—beautiful as ice crystals and just as cold—episodes in bombast.

*Liberation*, on the other hand, is a wondrously funky, kinetic, grooving work. Something has happened to Bill Russo. His explanation is reasonably simple. "The Kenton band was a very locked-in, tense kind of scene, and I was part of it," says the heavy-set 41-year-old composer. "Since then, I've had my own liberation, and I suppose *Liberation* reflects that."

The company for *Liberation* seems more a community that cast, crew, director, orchestra, lightshow, each to his own separate scene. Everybody does his turn at sweeping the floor before the performance, at moving lights and stage components into place, at setting up seating arrangements. Even Russo had his shirt off, his round belly straining at his belt, helping to carry heavy wood frames around. An then, with ten minutes to spare, everyone got into his costumery (for some this meant no change, since they are in fact street people and are attired as street people; for Russo, it meant pulling on white shirt, tie, sport coat). The band started a cooking "Born Under A Bad Sign" for the audience to find their seats by.

It's a good, tight band, with an unorthodox lineup: three guitars, electric bass, drums, violin, french horn, bassoon, organ, alto saxophone, flute and conga. Many have played extensively in Chicago jazz and rock circles. There are two strong guitar soloists, the alto player is tough, and, most importantly, Russo has extracted a surprisingly broad range of colors from them.

"This," Russo explains before the action gets underway, "is a ritual piece, you see. So we start by forming a big circle—all around here." The cast—some

30 or so—join hands for a moment of intense concentration upon themselves, as the music builds. Many of them look for all the world like your favorite Chicago Seed or Berkeley Barb or EVO street salesman.

Then into "The Life of Che," the first segment of the cantata. This has a good deal of dance in counterpoint to flashing scenes of the Cuban revolution projected on the walls. There are two-three-four Che's—the historical dead man in the photos, a singer, an actor, a dancer—and they're in action at once. So much is happening at once it's hard to keep track; the main impression is of Che's grace in the midst of the constant, kaleidoscopic battle. Exciting stuff!

This leads to "Tom Paine," the second segment. There are two Paines: a white singer in Revolutionary War costume and a bare-chested black dancer. Interestingly, the singer, Karl Meerstein, sings in a fine, light, classically-trained baritone—almost operatically—against a stomping rock rhythm section, with amplified guitar playing tasty fills behind him, and it works perfectly. About half the singers have a similar classical orientation, but without the heavy-handedness that usually accompanies it. They mesh—Russo has found a way that allows them to mesh—with the band in a way that rock and opera have never done before.

*Liberation* might be compared with *Hair* only in the sense that both deal with a kind of liberation. The difference is that *Hair* is about liberation, while *Liberation* is liberation.

The Tom Paine segment is a good illustration. Here's old Tom Paine, a revolution growing under his feet, asking the people what they want of him. "I don't understand," he says. "Tell me." The black dancer echoes this uncertainty with handsomely skitterish movements, while the wall projections show scenes from all the American revolutions, past, present and future.

All of a sudden, a street cat—long hair, jeans, barefoot, possibly representing Che, possibly not—enters into the scene, stops the music, demands that the action stop, and lays a rap on Tom Paine. (Or on the actor playing Paine.) He is addressed by his real name, not Paine's. The street fighters rap is convoluted, not readily transcribed from the stage to this page, but the essence was, *Look, dummy, don't stand around wondering about how to make revolution—just do it!* At least, that's what it seemed to be. A jarring bit of theater, so well executed you believe Che laying it on Paine in just exactly those terms.

Socrates appears in a majestic sculpt-

ed headpiece which makes him two heads taller than the mere mortals who surround him. His eyes burn with a white light. His magnificent, full-throated voice (Dick Ridgway) sings its sweet reason against a soaring Indo-rock orchestration, wide open. Images of Che and Fidel dance across the walls as Socrates downs his hemlock and is borne aloft, dead, on the arms of a dozen dancers. A craggy forest grows against the walls, the band is downright nasty, evil pervades all.

Next it's Che's corpse being flopped about into various poses by the general-issimos who killed him, as they grin for the cameras of the world press. The "camera" is a strobelight, which flashes across the band, the actors and dancers and then across the audience itself; a wild, beautiful wah-wah guitar wailing over a stomping, deadly rhythm section and the song-chant, "Che is dead/Che is dead..."

It ends on "The Feast of Life," with a long, exquisite Afro-rock passage, a lithe, buoyant young male dancer tracing the roots all the way back, while the band builds and builds and builds on a wildly stomping cross-rhythmic riff (maybe 3/4 against 5/4, but who was counting?) and the final, vast choral lines, "Who are we? Who are you? Who are they? Who are we..." followed by "They are you. We are they. You are we. We are you..."

The walrus could only agree.

Where did Russo get the idea of incorporating Che, Socrates and Tom Paine into one work? "Well, we wanted to deal with people who were liberating forces. Socrates is often misunderstood. He's often referred to as a fascist. But the important thing about the man is his vision of how society could be more open, freer; that men could conduct their affairs along rational, loving ways. Che is—well, he appeals to me, he's a figure who stands for so many different things. And Tom Paine was just so far beyond any of the other revolutionaries of his time, he was an incredible figure, too."

It makes for a great evening, and probably should be seen many more than once to be understood at all levels. That's easy if you happen to live in Chicago. But not so nice if you don't. For it's unlikely that *Liberation* will ever tour—the expense of transportation for the retinue of some 40 people and all their equipment prohibits it—and it's certain that Russo will not permit its circulation via the mass media. "I don't like recordings or TV or radio or magazines or any of that shit," he explains. "You do something for the media and it seems to fix you at that static point.

It destroys the natural organic growth of the work."

Neither does Russo allow any of the "capitalist press" to review the work. He and this company have been together for the last three years—previously they have done a rock opera on the Civil War called *The Civil War* (it toured the Midwest, and played the Electric Circus) and another called *David*—and they have consistently discouraged reviews in any national publication or Chicago daily paper.

"We don't allow their critics or reporters into the house," says Russo. "If they get in, we tell them we won't start until they split. We just don't perform until they've left."

That's because *Liberation* and the works that preceded it have not been aimed at the straight audience, they've been aimed at Russo's kind of people. He is presently teaching at Columbia College, a free-wheeling Chicago institution which also has the Staughton Lynd (a leader in anti-Vietnam War activities for years) on its faculty. A good portion of the *Liberation* company are from Columbia, while the others are professionals and/or street people.

Russo wrote the score, did all the composition, but in an important way, *Liberation* is a group effort. Everybody adds and subtracts to make it more meaningful, and it evolves in more or less a collective way.

This at least partly accounts for the unique success of *Liberation* in matching up rock with opera and not falling lame. "A year ago I would never have used the classical people. But," says Russo, "they wanted to be involved in this, and they were willing to get involved in the kind of training that would make this possible. It hasn't been easy, no matter how natural it may appear during performance."

But then, no one ever promised that *Liberation* would come easily.

Your only chance to see it is to get to Chicago. There are two performances each, Friday and Saturday evenings, and the price is right. It's free.

Money is only a minor consideration to the production. "We get enough on donations to pay the bills," Russo says. "We don't need any more than that, really."

They'll vacation during August—primarily because it's too hot to perform in that bowling alley during mid-summer—and re-open full-scale in September when they premiere a new Russo work called *City In A Swamp*. "We'll be interested to see what wind of reaction the new one gets," Russo smiles. "It's about Chicago, naturally."

JOHN BURKS





Japanese sing-in: "The police would be making a mistake to break this up"

## Brand-New Weapon: Japanese Sing-In

BY MIKE BERGER

**TOKYO** — Some Japanese radicals, perhaps tired of swinging staves and throwing rocks, have turned to old-fashioned protest and created massive sing-ins at one of Tokyo's busiest train stations.

Shinjuku, the part of Tokyo where the most action is, now has its biggest happening of Establishment sing-ins each Saturday night at an indoor plaza in the enormous Shinjuku station.

It began in March when Beheiren, an anti-Vietnam war group which has aided American deserters, staged a small sing-in which attracted some 200 people. Other radical groups, mostly students and ranging from anti-war to anti-Expo

70, soon flocked to the station and began "advertising."

Now, more than 5000 people jam the area each week for several hours of song, snake dancing and haranguing, and until last week, the police just watched.

They had tried to chase away the first small band of sing-in people in March, but the popularity of the idea made crowd dispersal impossible. Besides, even the usually violent Zengakuren students who joined the sing-in were relatively peaceful, leaving their sticks and stones at home to try and collect funds from passersby.

Last week, however, there was a new issue. It was not Vietnam, nor the controversial government education bill which most students oppose, but the ultimate enemy—automation.

An automatic mail-sorting machine had been installed, with police guard, at a nearby post office. There had been

earlier protests from postal workers who feared they'd lose their jobs, and when the students found out about it they decided to leave the train station and march on the post office.

But the riot police were waiting for them, and when the peaceful sing-in deteriorated into an angry battle of rocks and tear gas, 63 demonstrators were arrested and 20 people, including 16 policemen, were hurt.

The sing-ins, however, will continue for a while at least. "We just don't have the men to deal with them," said a Shinjuku policeman. "And besides, when they're in the train station, even though they're a nuisance, they're not violent."

The students realize they've got a good thing going. "We don't collect too much money," said one Zengakuren youth, "but I really feel we are convincing some people that the government is rotten."

How long this "free plaza" will last

is uncertain, but for the moment, a full range of radical views are for sale.

Magazines, detailed statements of ideology—including one plan for armed revolution which has one hang-up, how to get weapons—and little mimeographed protest songbooks, all are available for from 25 to 75 cents. The money goes to pay bail for jailed students.

Spectators at the sing-ins, who have increased the jam of people to over 7000, seem willing to endure having to worm their way through the area to their train or subway, as long as there is no violence.

"I'm not sure this is the right place," said one man who kept darting from group to group, listening in on heated arguments and reading the protest placards. "But the police would be making a mistake to break this up. There should be more places in Japan for people to gather and talk freely."

## Los Angeles Apple Polished Off

**HOLLYWOOD** — The Beatles have shut down the office of Apple Corps here, following a meeting in London with Allen Klein, their business manager.

Pat Slattery, who managed the local office, situated in the Capitol Tower, said she had not been able to establish any lines of communication with Klein's New York office since he signed the Beatles in May, so wrote the Beatles individually, sending copies of her letter to their homes.

"I just told them what was going on," she said. "I told them I thought it pointless having an office on the West Coast if everything was going to be kept secret from it."

"I'd been writing and calling Allen Klein's office for two months, and I'd not received so much as one answer to one question in all that time. In fact, friends of mine in his office tell me he instructed them not to write or call me."

She said she did receive one call, however—from Klein's assistant, Joel Silver, who told her the office was to be closed within 24 hours.

All Beatle business was to be directed to Abkco Industries Inc., 1700 Broadway, New York 10019, Klein's offices.

## Berkeley Barb On Strike

**BERKELEY** — The Berkeley Barb, one of the more free-wheeling voices of the hip radical community, has been ripped apart by staff dissent and a strike.

The trouble began some seven weeks ago when the Barb's staff of columnists, staff reporters, and freelance writers united to ask founder-publisher-Editor Max Scherr for "fair wages" citing reports of a \$4000 weekly profit margin for Scherr and "65 cents an hour" wages for staffers. The initial meeting resulted in an offer by Scherr to sell the paper—for \$140,000—to the strikers, banded together under the name "The Red Mountain Tribe."

Four weeks of talks ended up with Scherr and his workers far, far apart. Where the staff began talks with promises that Scherr would remain editor—whichever the owner—because "Scherr is the Barb," last week the Tribe went on strike, picketing the newspaper offices and calling Scherr a "capitalist pig."

The Tribe, according to spokesman Steve Haines, was irked by contract

clauses that would have held all staffers financially liable to Scherr if weekly payments stopped. On the other hand, Scherr said that the Tribe "presented their contract not for negotiation but as an ultimatum. The word was sign or else." They occupied the Barb office one night, were locked out the next morning, broke in, began the strike, and were fired by Scherr.

Then, after several days of spirited picketing of the Barb's offices, both sides got down to work and put out papers—Scherr put out an eight-pager filled with the regular sex ads and a two-page self-defense entitled "Confessions of a Kosher Pig." The Tribe issued a "Barb On Strike," which looked more like the Barb than the real thing. Every regular Barb staff member was listed under the Tribe masthead. And each paper called the other a scab-produced publication. At this point, the Berkeley Barb lives in two bodies and it's up to its readers to determine which is the true Christ.

## Werber Innocent in Big Dope Bust

**SAN FRANCISCO** — Frank Werber, the millionaire music and night club entrepreneur, has been found not guilty on charges of conspiracy to import marijuana.

Werber, former manager of the hungry i, business manager of the Kingston Trio, and manager of several early San Francisco rock bands through his Trident Productions Company, was arrested last October in a set-up bust at his secluded Marin County home. Narcs and local sheriffs trapped him with 258 pounds of just-delivered cannabis.

After nearly two weeks of testimony, a federal court jury deliberated just two hours and 45 minutes before issuing the verdict on July 3rd.

The decision elicited screaming cheers and tearful shouts of joy from Werber's friends, chicks, and employees. Werber and attorney Dan Weinstein leaped into each other's arms for a victory hug. After a round of kisses from the chicks and excited thank-yous to the jury, Werber issued a short statement: "Truth will out!"

It was Werber's first high since that October 14th night on Richardson's Bay when narcs swarmed into his home after the cannabis shipment from Stanley Mulligan, part-owner of a Sausalito bar.

Werber, while relieved from the worst part of the burn, still faces county charges of possession of cannabis arising from the October 14th raid.

## Crosby, Stills and Nash Add Young

**LOS ANGELES** — Neil Young has joined Crosby, Stills & Nash, making it Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, an alliance that already is being described as "the best-sounding law firm in pop."

The "super group" has also added Bruce Palmer on bass and recording sessions have already begun.

Young had been working and recording as a solo the past year, since the Buffalo Springfield collapsed in May, 1968. His joining the triumvirate of David Crosby, Stephen Stills and Graham Nash adds another "heavy" to the group and reunites him with Stills, who is also a former Springfield member.

The announcement that Young had joined the group followed several weeks of rumors that such a move would take



Neil Young

place, although it was also considered a possibility that Stills would leave the combine and with Young and Palmer reform the Springfield. Palmer was that group's first bassist.

Oddly enough, this does not mean Young will abandon his solo career. He said he would continue to perform alone whenever he could—actually with a band called Crazy Horse backing him—and continue to make solo LPs for Reprise. In fact, Young made his comments about joining Crosby, Stills & Nash while re-mixing his first of two solo LPs, saying he didn't like the original pressing and indicating that so long as he was staying

a single at least part-time he wanted his solo efforts to be as good as possible.

Crosby, Stills & Nash have released one album thus far, on Atlantic, and this is where the new alliance will remain. It is possible for Young to record for the two companies simultaneously because both are part of Warner Bros.-Seven Arts.

Young said the six-man band (Dallas Taylor continues on drums) has recorded four songs so far, three of which probably will be included in the first Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young LP.

The guitarist said that the group hoped to have an album complete by the time the band performs its first engagement, July 25th at the Fillmore East.

"When we do the Fillmore East, there won't be anyone else on the bill," he said. "We'll be doing a two-hour show, with an intermission."

"It's not a rock and roll group, y'know. Crosby, Stills and Nash will come out and play three or four songs from the first LP. Then I'll come out and join them for a couple more. Then we'll play a couple of new songs. And so far it's all acoustic—and no bass or drums for most of the first half."

"Then we have an intermission, and not until the second half will we start playing electric. If the people aren't quiet, they won't be able to hear us."

Young said he would be sharing the organ playing as well as lead guitar with Stills. He seemed well aware that this same combination of talent (some say ego) contributed to the death of the Springfield.

Young said he would not be contributing many vocals—although in re-mixing his own solo LP the major thing he was doing was bringing out the voice he had buried in the mix a year ago.

"When I was with the Springfield, I held back," he said. "I was paranoid about my voice. So on my own first LP I buried my voice intentionally. The second LP I brought it up more. I had more confidence. That's what working with Crazy Horse has done. It's given me confidence. That's why I want to continue as a single. But I won't be singing that much with the new group. Mostly just playing a lot."

Bassist Bruce Palmer's return to the U.S. pop scene came as a surprise in that as a member of the Springfield he was arrested three times on assorted charges (mostly dope) and twice deported to his native Canada. All problems with Immigration have been resolved, however, and Palmer has been quietly living in Los Angeles for about two months.



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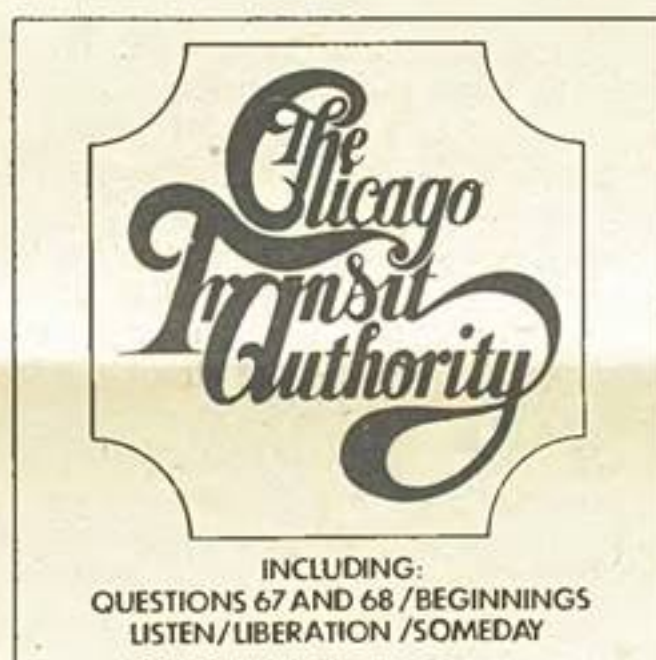


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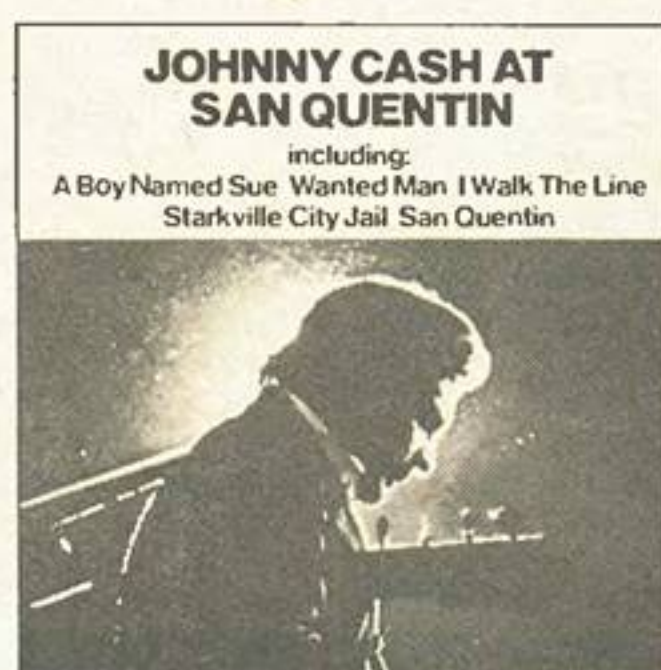


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# A Tidal Wave in The Wild West

BY BEN FONG-TORRES

SAN FRANCISCO—The Wild West Show, the kind of venture only madmen would attempt to pull off, is being pulled off. And businessmen and bankers and city officials—along with artisans from every sector of San Francisco—are helping them to do it.

Wild West Show is the three-day music and arts festival taking place next month—from August 22nd through the 24th—throughout Golden Gate Park as a celebration of this proud city's artistic and creative life. The idea is to turn the large, four-mile long park (home of Kezar Stadium, the Japanese Tea Garden, deYoung Museum, and various lakes and meadows) into a long-running carnival of free music and arts.

billboards being donated by Foster and Kleiser. They'll become canvases for the works of such pioneer poster artists as Wes Wilson and Victor Moscoso.

As for the city itself, Mayor Joseph Alioto gave the planners an OK as soon as he heard about the show, and he has directed the various departments—police, recreation, and park—to cooperate. At this juncture, officials have agreed to close Golden Gate Park to all public traffic for the three days; Kezar Stadium, site for three paid evening music concerts, has been provided at a special rental rate. Medical and lost-kid centers are being set up as well.

The extravaganza is Polte's brainchild; his major help have been men from the rock scene: Bill Graham, Bill Thompson (Jefferson Airplane's manager); Rock Scully (Grateful Dead's manager); Jann Wenner and Ralph J. Gleason of ROLLING STONE; and Tom Donahue, godfather of the communal FM radio

free rock concerts in Golden Gate Park. Even a silly "earthquake commemoration" called by Mayor Alioto in April drew 5000 citizens to a 5 AM party at Civic Plaza. And last month, when the Navy's fleet of midshipmen and training squadrons made its annual stop into town as part of its training cruise, they were greeted with a Family Dog-produced rock show, featuring Sir Douglas Quintet and Shades of Joy, with the Optical Illusion light show. In previous years, the sailors sat numbly on their hands while a municipal band played on This year they waited.

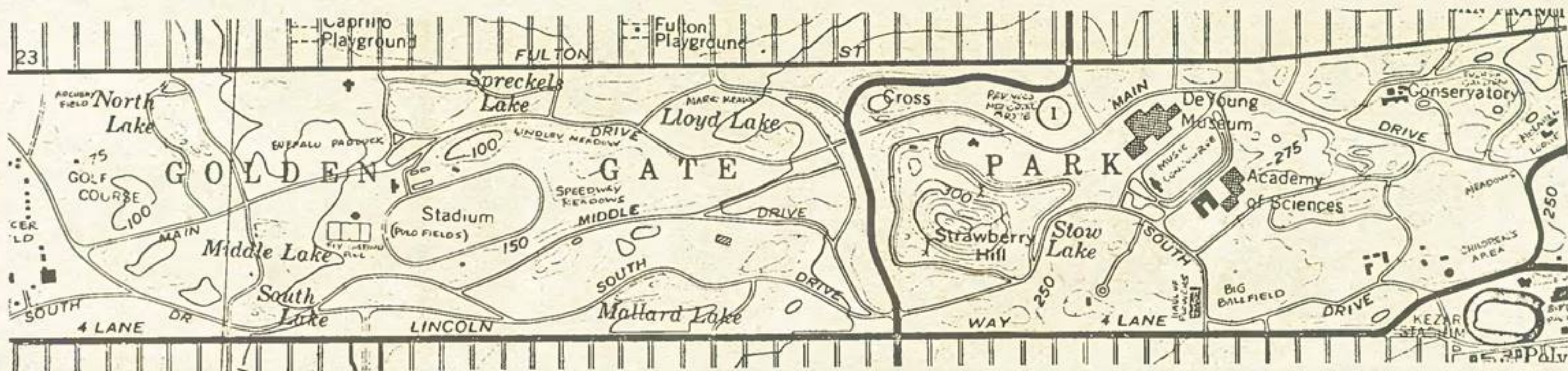
As Tom Donahue told band members at one meeting, "Wild West can make a statement: that San Francisco is a beginning for so many groovy things and attitudes."

And if it won't be an artistic earthquake, "We want the biggest tidal wave we can have," Donahue said—"the super experience of all time."

way Regulus is slowly passing out of Leo into Virgo the Virgin.

All of that together makes Leo feel on the spot today. At a time when the New Age mass thinks rulership of men is obsolete, the Gypsies say the time of the king has yet to be. The Gypsies, of course, are not referring to the tyrant, incompetent, macho-conscious, insane or treacherous. The Gypsies speak of the king.

But the poor Gypsies are idealists. Too bad they're so naive. They and the American Indians and all who say the true ruler is the perfect servant. Most of us think the true ruler serves the people. However, some say that all people (including the king) are servants of the one source and the king is the one who does it best. This was the traditional attitude of Old Kingdom Egypt which required the Pharaohs to be initiates of the Temple of Truth and Service. These kings by divine right were called "Winged" Pharaohs because their awareness was free



Golden Gate Park: where the Wild West is at

At this point, it appears that everyone wants to get in on the celebration. Inquiries and self-invitations, along with enthusiastic volunteers and just-curious visitors, have been steadily streaming into the Victorian house/headquarters of the organizers of the affair, working under the aegis of The San Francisco Music Council.

The coordinators of the unprecedented event, once no more than a lingering pipe dream of band manager Ron Polte's, is now a well-oiled, loose-appearing but tightly-structured machine. From their handsome, two-story offices at 3044 Pine Street, festival heads have been holding meetings for bands, artists, craftsmen, light show artists, sound service owners, staging experts, and various other groups. Initial costs of organization—for offices, paid staff, and publicity—are being financed by funds from Polte's fellow-dreamers and from two well-attended benefits staged two weeks ago.

Both Bill Graham's Fillmore West and Chet Helm's Family Dog (the family having moved out to the Playland Beach area) threw benefits, with Jefferson Airplane headlining one show and Joan Baez, the other. Community enterprises make strange bedfellows.

But the rock and roll community, while instigators of and a dominant force in the whole thing, are getting help from all sides.

Wells-Fargo Bank, the United Bank of California, Greyhound, the Pacific Gas and Electric (the utility company, not the band) are among those pitching in. These firms help to indicate the scope, enormity, and tone of the Wild West Show. Wells-Fargo is planning to donate three stagecoaches to carry handicapped children around the different areas of the vast park. (There will be six staging areas, including Speedway Meadows, the polo fields, and the soccer field). The UBC is letting artists use a storehouseful of office furnishings—such as drapes and carpeting—for their staging setups. Greyhound, along with other bus companies, is talking about special runs from various central points around the city and the Bay Area to Golden Gate Park. And PG&E is in charge of wiring up all the ad hoc performance areas.

Also on the technical side, almost all the sound companies are donating their services for the festival, and one firm—Wally Heider's—is sending a full studio setup from Los Angeles to record the shows. Radio stations, both AM and FM, are chipping in inordinate amounts of air time to the festival, and several plan to broadcast direct from various shows there.

The word on the Wild West Show is also being trumpeted by a dozen or so

scene. But Wild West is pointedly avoiding a long-hair/freak image. "It's something for all generations," Polte has said. And, as Donahue has added, "It should be something no one will be scared of."

So by music, festival director Barry Olivier is talking about classical music ensembles like Amici della Musica; Ali Akbar Khan (doing six hours of "Indian love-in music"); Chinese gong and opera music units, and representatives from the Mexican community as well as folk, jazz, soul, and rock.

In arts, Wild West will offer drama by Shakespeare and Dylan Thomas as well as by hip-comedy/political-satire revues; Philippine dancers as well as strolling minstrels, and puppet shows and jugglers for the little ones as well as poetry and light shows for the heads.

And it will be a time for exhibiting and experimenting. The city's painters, sculptors, photographers, craftsmen should be out in full array, while Glenn McKay is hoping to fuse his Head Lights with Japanese dance music at de Young. Everywhere you turn, there will be something to see and hear—for free. And, two days before the Festival, the coming of the Wild West will be heralded by artist Paul Crowley. He's putting together what may well be the world's farthest-out light show: Beamed into the sky by a bank of searchlights lined on one level of Twin Peaks, banked by a row of cars and their headlights topped by Moog synthesizers controlling the lights and horns, while pulsar wires connect the mountain to various large office buildings around the city. On signal from the Moogs, they too, will light up, some of them becoming light shows. And radio stations will wire the entire city into the mammoth display.

Since the most driving force behind San Francisco's creative renaissance has been the rock and roll scene, most of the stages will be dominated by rock bands—all of them San Francisco-based or otherwise identified with the city.

Among those invited: Ace of Cups, Aum, Big Brother, Charlatans, Cleveland Wrecking Company, Country Joe, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Grateful Dead, It's a Beautiful Day, Janis Joplin, Linn County, Mad River, Mother Earth, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Santana, Sir Douglas Quintet, Sly and the Family Stone, Sons of Champlin, and West. Some, like the Airplane, Creedence, and the Dead, will be booked elsewhere those days but plan to fly into town between shows to appear in Wild West.

All together, an amazing scene: Room and entertainment enough for 200,000 persons a day—that's what the Council expects to host. But San Francisco could hardly expect anything else. The city was, after all, the site of the first Human Be-in, in 1967, and of numerous



BY AMBROSE HOLLINGSWORTH

Leo is the Sign of the King. He is the Sun, the central figure of his situation. He is ruler by divine right, not by choice—his or anyone else's. The planets of a solar system do not elect their sun. Nor does the sun cause the planets to do anything unnatural. It is natural for planets to revolve around their sun.

Leo is the only House of the sun. It is a matter of history that more actual crowned kings have been born during the month of Leo than at any other time. Among the more outstanding examples are Richard the Lion-Hearted of England (Leo governs the heart) and King Leonidas of Sparta. Pure gold is associated with the Royal Sign and the sun can be seen as a great golden-maned lion.

Aquarius is the Sign opposite Leo. As we slowly enter the Aquarian Age the whole idea of bosses and authorities and rulers is being lumped together and thrown as far away as possible. But Leo is still there. All one can really throw away is his own attitude toward a Natural Law. We can say we are not going to think about that sort of thing any more, but there's Leo, still there. But rather than be unpopular some Leos are saying, "Who, me? Sign of what king? I don't know what you're talking about." Some are trying to disregard the King part of the Sign and relate only to the "hang loose" part.

This attempt to edit-out a model of the universe is causing much turmoil and unrest among the Kings of the Zodiac.

The star Regulus, called the Maker and Breaker of Kings, is also applying a certain pressure to the throne at this time. By the continual movement of the vernal equinox the stars move through the Signs as seen from the earth. In this

from the restrictions of time and space. The result was they ruled the land in spirit and in truth. Those early Egyptians would accept no less from the men they permitted to rule them.

Practical occultism says that a model of the universe is the only successful structure. The king is the sun, the people are planets and the kingdom is the solar system. No warmth comes from the sun nor any light. Energy comes from a sun as the influence of its own aliveness. This is turned to heat and light by the atmosphere (aura) of the individual planet. Only friction or something similar causes this vital change.

In the presence of a true king men are inspired to be not the king but higher versions of themselves. The more inspiring the king the less commands he has to give, unless for other reasons the people see him through a false image. This may be due to their own limitations, or by the king's intent.

It is the warm gaze of the sun in springtime which melts away the binding ice and snow of stern winter. The same twinkling grin, if held too long, will fill the streams and rivers with sudden water far above the natural banks till all the land about lies bubbling beneath the flood. Then, with the same overnight swiftness, the muddy water retires gurgling back to the old bed and down to sea.

The top of Leo is no longer aware of the existence of pride or the attention of others. His aura is so coherent as to cause order in his environment. The calmest place in battle is where the king's banner stands and the knights and men of his household are gathered about him, heroes in his presence.

The love of Leo is the warmest love of all, shining without discrimination. The loved one is usually aware mostly of the warmth which does not burn, the example which does not ridicule. Nobility which is real is our reminder of human excellence, not our goals but our standards. Real nobility snaps us back into line and makes us stand up straight when we've been slouching, makes us strong when we've been getting mushy, reminds us that we are gods.

The Tarot Trump represents Leo by the card entitled Strength of Fortitude. This card illustrates the direct influence of mind over matter. In reference to the star Regulus, the star also shows a fair-haired virgin overpowering a lion in his natural habitat. Obviously, the strength is not physical. In the lower Arcana of the Tarot it is the 5, 6, 7, and King of Wands.

Leo people usually have cleft chin, curly hair, broad shoulders, graceful or otherwise emphatic walk. The Greek hero sculpture is on a Leonine model.

Yellow, E natural, Sunflower, Daisy, Marigold, Lion, all cats, Cat's-Eye, Gold, The Christ, The Nubian Lion of Heracles, Creative of the I Ching, the Child, the King.



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# ROCK & ROLL





## Dylan & the Band's Ed'sville Skyline

EDWARDSVILLE, Missouri—A relaxed Bob Dylan, his voice still Nashville-Skylined, made a surprise appearance in this small college town outside St. Louis July 14th before a crowd of some 3000 Mississippi River Festivalgoers.

The festival, several weeks in the running, features one-big-name concerts held in a large tent on a field at Southern Illinois University, and the headliner for the July 14th show was the Band.

They did their usual tight set, earning a call for an encore. But instead of coming on with "Slippin' and Slidin'," they returned accompanied by a guitar-toting, cowboyish figure in brown shirt, pants, and boots.

After a couple of bars, the crowd knew, the word spread, and the assemblage fell into a hush. Dylan cruised through three numbers—easy-rolling rockers, for the most part, including an old mountain tune called "In the Pines," and departed, with the Band, to a huge ovation.

They came back for the encore—"Slippin' and Slidin'," with Dylan joining in on the chorus. Then they all waved merrily and split.

There was no mention of Dylan's name throughout his appearance, his first public outing—except for a Nashville TV studio number—since January, 1968, when he appeared at a Woody Guthrie memorial concert at Carnegie Hall.

## Toronto: Nothing But a Groove

BY RITCHIE YORKE

TORONTO—Toronto's first pop festival was a spectacular success—big crowds, much dope, no violence, and excellent music and performances. Held at Varsity Stadium and Arena, the two-day festival (June 21st and 22nd) drew more than 50,000 persons, including an estimated 15,000 out-of-towners, most of them from New York and Michigan (some cars and bikes carried tags from as far away as Kentucky and Missouri).

A total of 55 cops were engaged to control the crowds, which at peak times numbered around 30,000, and there were no incidents, outside or in.

It was a festive affair, a kind of homecoming for former Canadian acts such as the Band, Steppenwolf, and Blood Sweat and Tears, whose fiery lead singer David Clayton-Thomas is from Toronto.

Highlights of the festival included appearances by Johnny Winter (who, some said, played one of his finest sets since leaving Houston), Sly and the Family Stone, Chuck Berry (who had the crowd screaming for more), Procol Harum, and Rotary Connection.

A bit of voodoo magic was performed by night tripper Dr. John. He did a rain dance, and the heavens opened up a shower; when he ended his set, the shower stopped.

The Band, making only their third appearance anywhere, didn't quite get off the ground, seemingly stuck with two difficulties—bad sound (one of their amps blew early in the set) and the challenge of communicating their soft, tight sound in the wide open spaces. It seemed that the group would have been better off in a more enclosed place. As Grossman grumbled, "The sound system's terrible for them. Someone should apologize."

Near the end, however, the Band warmed up with "The Weight," flew through "I Shall Be Released," and ended with a screaming rendition of "Slippin' and Slidin'," giving the audience the Levon and the Hawks sound they knew from eight years ago.

Toronto's Mayor William Dennison had earlier refused to welcome the festival to his city, alarmed by news about bad scenes in the States. With the relative peace of the event, however, there is hope of official sanction for a repeat next year. And, according to the organizers of this one, there definitely will be a Toronto Pop Festival next year. John Brower and Ken Walker grossed slightly more than \$300,000 on a \$200,000 budget, assuring some cash in the kitty for next year's show. In fact, the two entrepreneurs plan a September



WASHINGTON, D.C.—Much less crowded and much less publicized than the Amsterdam and Montreal affairs, it was, nonetheless, the first official bed-in in the U.S. in support of John and Yoko Lennon's peace efforts. Robert and Maria Watson of Newton, Massachusetts, staged their bed-in at the Capitol Hill Hotel in Washington, D.C. from July 2nd through the 8th—until their money ran out. Like Lennon, Watson spoke to the press from his bed and over the telephone, explaining that the bed-in was also meant to protest the refusal of a visa for Lennon to enter the United States, and, while he was at it, to protest the Vietnam war, too. For their efforts, the Watsons received a bouquet of carnations from John and Yoko, with the greeting: "Peace" Goodwill, and Love."

rock and roll extravaganza with Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Alice Cooper, and others.

The pop festival was also the occasion for David Clayton Thomas' leaking of news on the next Blood Sweat and Tears LP.

In a press chat during which he plugged the then-upcoming festival, Thomas spoke about the group's much-huzzahed "rock-jazz" sound.

"The third album," he said, "is much the same as the second, except that we go deeper into each of the things we got into on the current one. For example, the introduction in the *Lt. Kije Suite* by Prokofiev, which is no less of a contemporary classic than our Erik Satie piece.

"We're going deeper into the jazz field, too. We've done experimental sessions with some great jazz people—Thelonius Monk, Sonny Rollins, Freddie Hubbard—mainly to open up the jazz audiences' ear. We also want to open up more of the pop audience to jazz."

As far as rock is concerned, Thomas said, "We're doing Traffic's '40,000 Headmen' with a Fred Lipsius arrangement you won't believe; Joe Cocker's 'Something Comin' On,' Moby Grape's 'Can't Be So Bad'; Laura Nyro's 'He's a Runner'; 'Old Man River'; a new Steve Katz tune called 'In Quiet Room,' and one of my songs, 'Lucretia Macevil.' It's a hillbilly jazz tune—a Kentucky Mountains jazz tune."

The LP is being produced by BS&T drummer Bobby Colomby and is due out in late August. A three-month concert tour follows the sessions, and tapes from those performances will make up their fourth LP, a two-record set planned for release before Christmas.

Thomas also came up with one of the more memorable lines at the Toronto Pop Festival. On being informed that Al ("I Stand Alone") Kooper, his predecessor in Blood Sweat and Tears, was bringing along a 12-piece band, with Stan Getz and Zoot Sims, for his Festival appearance, Thomas grinned and said "He'll need 'em."

Kooper actually showed up with a baker's dozen of New York session men, conducted by Charles Callelo, and the entourage was well received by a friendly Festival crowd.

## FESTIVALS

SAN FRANCISCO—A "Lunatic Festival" has been set up to steal some of Apollo 11's thunder as it returns from the moon July 22nd.

San Francisco underground paper The Good Times is putting on the show at the Family Dog's new location at Playland, to protest the Government's attempt to "buy off the world's horror with (not bread, but) a Sunday prime time circus." The rival show will include poets Gary Snyder, Diane DiPrima, Dan Moore, and Lewis McAdams. Also, Scott Beach of the Committee, the film "MOON" by Scott Bartlett, and a moon balloon to play with in the Dog's back yard.

Further enlightening the festival will be Moog operator Doug McKechnie, astrologers, the "space jazz" of Recess, and the Cleanliness and Godliness Skiffle Band.

SEATTLE—The future of rock festivals was put on trial July 4th, 5th and 6th in Washington State with apparent positive results.

With Boyd Grafmyre's Seattle Pop Festival and the Sky River Rock Festival both pending, King County (Seattle) officials attempted to shut down the Duvall Rock Festival over the Independence Day weekend to discourage the larger events.

The deliberate harassment first took the form of a court restraining order, based on allegations that previous rock festivals had resulted in massive violations of narcotics laws.

Helen Parker, promoter of the Duvall Shows, carried the issue into King County Superior Court, which lifted the restraining order on the condition that a list of rules drawn up by the county prosecutor be followed.

During the festival, the audience, rent-a-cops and motorcyclists worked together to ensure that none of the court's rules were violated.

While not a single incident was reported on the festival grounds, county sheriff's deputies stationed themselves along the road to the site and did their best to provoke one. There were numerous complaints of deputies stopping cars, harassing bikers and searching the bands' equipment vans.

At last report, the festival organizers, who lost more than \$5,000, were considering legal actions against the county.

LOS ANGELES—The Berkeley People's Park fight goes on, with help from loaves of bread (with fence-slashing wire cutters hidden inside, as at the Bastille Day romp last week) and from bread itself, raised through benefits. Most recent was a festival at the Hollywood Palladium, July 20th, featuring Captain Beefheart, Eric Burdon, Kaleidoscope, MC5, Alice Cooper, Lazarus, Santana, a new Zappa band called Bluesberry Jam, and The Commtee.

BRONX, N. Y.—Manhattan College is sponsoring a series of concerts this summer to bolster its scholarship fund. Shows will be in Gaelic Park in the Riverdale section of New York City. Among the concerts: July 22nd—Beach Boys; August 4th—Pete Seeger; August 6th—Four Tops, David Ruffin, Chiffons; August 13th, Rascals, and August 18th, the Byrds and a "mystery group." Reserved seats only. Concerts begin at 8:30 P.M.

## Cash Owes Govt. 82 Grand

LOS ANGELES—Johnny Cash has lost a lawsuit brought against him by the U.S. government four years ago, when he apparently started a brush fire near a wildlife reserve in nearby Ventura County.

Cash was ordered to pay \$82,000 to the government, a sum which, according to U.S. Attorney Tom Coleman, represents "one of the larger recoveries from a single private individual for a fire."

The lawsuit was an interesting one for another reason—with friends of Cash in the Tribal Indian Land Rights Association at one time filing retaliatory claims against the government, demanding the Great White Father in Washington drop his suit.

Cash is part Cherokee and the association threatened to start claiming all forest service land in southern California. A few such claims were filed in 1967, two years after the fire, but without noticeable result.

The government's lawsuit, originally asking more than \$125,000, charged the fire burned 508 acres of Los Padres National Forest watershed not far from Cash's home of the time, in Casitas Springs near Ojai.

Cash had reportedly gone fishing near a national condor reserve; his camper had become stuck on a stream-side road and in an attempt to free it, Cash allegedly gunned the motor, throwing off gasoline and sparks, igniting the underbrush.

The country-western singer was also charged with failing to "take reasonable precautions to control the fire and failing to report the fire to proper authorities."

## Two More Join The Squad

Jan Hodenfield, late of Epic Records, is taking on the job of New York Editor for ROLLING STONE. He will be in charge of all editorial activities for ROLLING STONE on the East Coast, with particular emphasis on New York. Hodenfield was formerly managing editor of GQ Scene Magazine, an Esquire publication, and before that worked for the Associated Press. He is a native of San Francisco and Berkeley.

Hodenfield's offices will be located at 377 Park Avenue South, 7th floor.

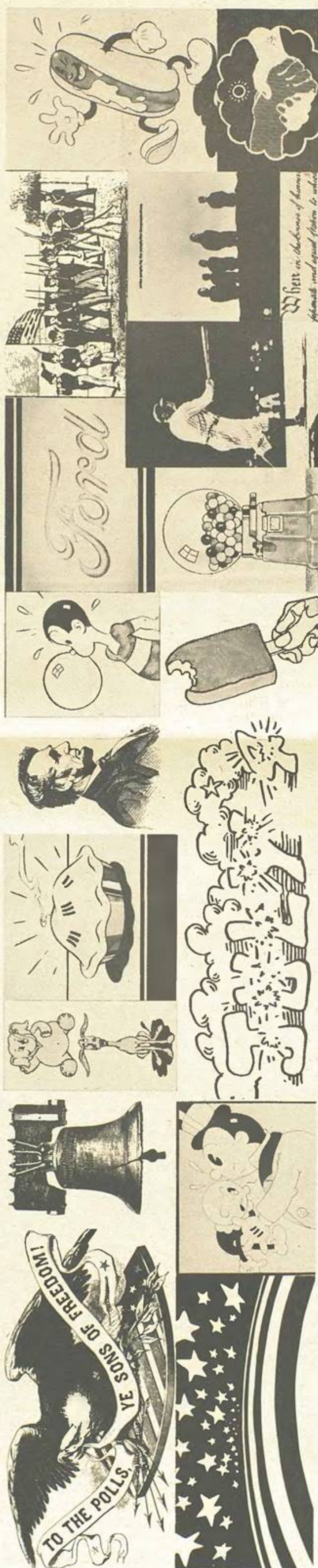
Also added to the ROLLING STONE staff is Greil Marcus of Berkeley, a contributor to this publication since last October. Marcus, a grad student at U.C. in political science, is the editor of *Rock and Roll Will Stand*, a book being published by Beacon for release this fall. Marcus will be editor of the record review section and oversee the assignment and coverage of new and interesting record albums. Complain to him from now on.



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# THE WILD THINGS

BY ERIC EHRLMANN

Before they got big, they used to call themselves the Dynamic Deltones. But that was before they'd paid their dues—the Jolly Roger (Norfolk, Va.), the Peppermint Lounge, *Where The Action Is*, and most recently the biker haunts of East Boston—and got a record contract and a \$41,000 suburban house. Now they're called the Wild Thing. That's their own hair, too.

A couple of years ago, the original Dynamic Deltones monicker went floating off into the ozone on the heels of the Wild Thing's move to the "green pastures" of Cambridge, Massachusetts—where they took up residence until their lifestyle met the displeasure of the landlord. He thought their "wild" parties constituted a threat to his \$250/month apartment. So they moved to the suburbs, where they continued to keep an eye on the "current trends" of pop music, like any resourceful club band.

"When the Beatles came out with *Revolver* and *Pepper's*," says lead guitarist Poncho Vidal, "we knew something fishy was going on. We were doing routines and dance steps up until then, but we got into the whole drug trip and began to loosen up."

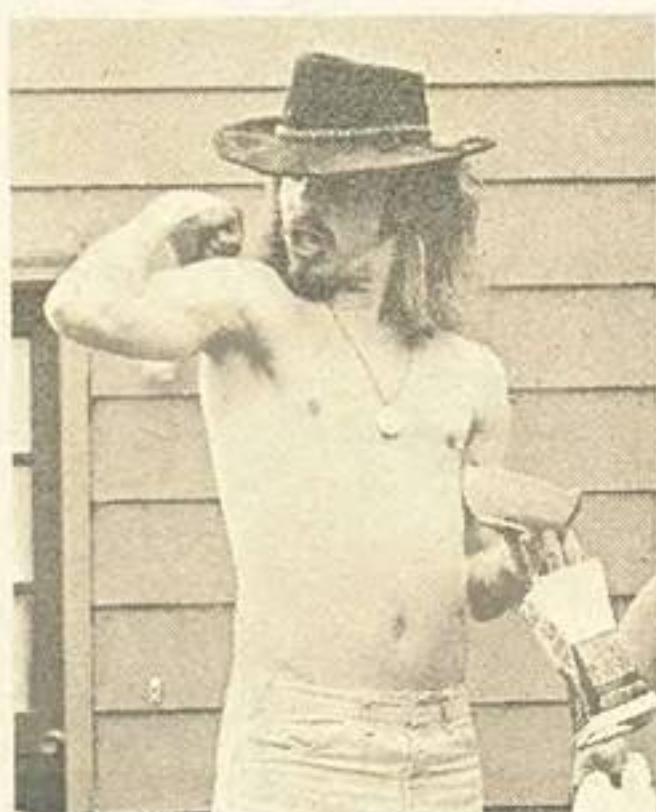
"Loosen up wasn't the word," snorts bassist Stud Mitchell, "try fucked-up; Instead of gettin' drunk every night before the gig, we'd just smoke a little grass, drop half a tab and cut loose. Ain't bad for you at all. It really helps you get into the music. My favorite groups are the band, Rhinoceros, Creedence and Sly."

"Most of our own material is about real life experiences we've had," says Jesse P. Brock, the group's organist. "Take 'Marshmallow Man.' It's about a THC and psilocybin trip. If anything makes you feel like a marshmallow, it's that shit. Just try eating a toasted marshmallow when you're on it . . . it really does something for you."

The group's other original numbers include "Bummer," "Strange," "Yesterday's Tomorrows" and "Get It." Clearly reflecting the influence of the drug-pop culture, their music combines their own down-home C&W roots (they still perform "Midnight Hour") with looser contemporary influences. At present, you'd have to say they have no genre of their own.

"We're in a state of change now," says Stud. "With so much music today having political overtones it's sort of difficult to cut through and get your own sound together. We were on an anti-

Poncho



Stud

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN PAUL IRELAND







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# THE WILD THINGS

establishment trip all last year, and let me tell you, I just don't dig them hard-liners and communists. It didn't help our music, either."

"It was a totally bum trip," adds Jesse P. "We're patriotic, man. We get high on the flag. You see them stars . . . outasite. I even keep two of 'em taped to my organ. Stone patriotism."

When bikers make runs out to Revere Beach or Nantasket to hang out in the night lights of the pizza stands and penny arcades, the Wild Thing has a large following among them. With their pennies saved from these and other gigs (really—their manager keeps an adding machine next to his bed), the Thing recently bought a \$41,000 ranch house in Hudson, Mass., a commuter suburb of Boston.

Before settling on the four-bedroom home with colonial wallpaper, the boys fancied a plush \$65,000 mansion in Wellesley Hills, site of the elite girls' college. (The Wellesley newspaper headline read, LOCK YOUR DOORS, THE WILD THING ARE COMING.) Now they live on the shore of a small lake amid the suburban Joneses and seem to like it. Manager Mike Brannan comments on their new home:

"The guys like to water ski and swim a lot. It's pretty quiet out here and our old ladies like it too. The local kids come over and talk with the guys. In fact, we've been having great cookouts with the kids."



Jesse



Dennis

"When our album comes out [the group recently signed with Elektra and plans to record in August] we're gonna have a big block party. We want to show people that despite our crazy looks, we can bridge the generation gap and that partying is the best way to do it."

So far this year, three accidents have been caused as the result of drivers craning their necks to catch glimpses of the group as they drive around in their grey van, which ironically resembles an F.B.I. monitoring wagon. Bassist and lead vocal Stud Mitchell says, "I can't understand it, but I'll lay it on the line: Those accidents show that we bring out the asshole in people." Guitarist and leader Poncho Vidal claims that nine times out of ten that they are pulled over on the Massachusetts Pike, the state cops don't give them tickets but ask where they're playing.

The teased hair—swooped up into enormous lightbulb crests—started out from Elvis Presley's famous mop of the Fifties, but somewhere along the line got all out of hand. It costs each member of the Wild Thing \$10 a week to



keep it up. Poncho gives the details: "Usually, we start at about four or five o'clock. You have to comb it out, tease it, spray it with White Rain hair spray, shape it with a blower hair dryer and finally color it with Nestle silver hair-color spray. No beautician has ever been able to do our hair as well as we can."

Once in a while, the group gets too fucked up on wine, grass and amyl nitrate to attempt the task of doing their hair. They call a corporation conference with their manager to vote on calling a "hat night." Each of them has a special "party hat" to wear in lieu of coiffure. At present, anxious not to disappoint their fans, they have a firm rule against hat nights on weekends.

The original Dynamic Deltones got their start in the naval port town of Norfolk, Virginia. Besides Stud, a military college drop-out, and Poncho, who







grew up in Norfolk, the other members of the Wild Thing are Jesse P. Brock, another Norfolk native and a refugee from a Dixieland band called the Left Bank Bearcats; and drummer Dennis Ianitelli, an ex-Navy electrician's mate whose father was president of his hometown barbers' union.

"Back when we were the Deltones," reminisces Poncho, "we played a non-union joint in Norfolk called the Jolly Roger. That place was so tough that we couldn't leave the bandstand without getting our asses kicked. All those navy cats come in on liberty and they just wanted to cut loose."

Dennis picked up on the Deltones at the Jolly Roger and hastened to join them when his Navy hitch was up. Stud Mitchell, by contrast to Dennis, enjoys talking about his military experience, while wolfing down a plate of his native

North Carolina butterbeans and grits:

"Sheeit, I dug military school. I knew how to play the trumpet so they gave me a scholarship at Edwards Military Institute. It was a real trip, fancy uniforms, guns, swords, and they let me be an officer to boot. Left face, right face, I really dished out those orders."

"Went out every night and got drunk. Sometimes I'd sneak girls into my private officers quarters. Even finished one year of college before they booted my ass out."

So they got together as a rockabilly club band, inspired by the old Viscounts, Duane Eddy, Jesse ("Opp-Oop-a-Doo") Hill, Chuck Berry, Lonnie Mack and James Brown. During the "Twist Craze" in 1963 they played New York's Peppermint Lounge, a gig which landed them a spot on the now infamous *Where the Action Is* TV show. The Beatles had

just hit big, so the TV appearance led nowhere, and they continued to play club dates up and down the eastern seaboard from Jacksonville, Florida to Waterville, Maine. Finally settling in Cambridge, then Hudson, and now fame.

And this is where the Wild Thing is at today, in Hudson, Mass. You might call them the unpublicized face of the drugs-and-sex craze (or revolution, or whatever you want to call it). Their old ladies enjoy the same kind of status old ladies do in biker circles: As Poncho puts it, "When one of the old ladies gives us some shit, we call that 'having an attitude' and if she keeps the attitude up, we kick her out because we're 'bro's' and she's just an old lady." Drugs-and-sex, in Jesse P's words: "We like to sniff some amie [amyl nitrate] and fuck the shit out of them broads, but every once in a while we get too hung up in the

rush to get it together." Poncho sent Wild Thing stencils to some New York groupies to publicize an upcoming gig at Harlow's, expecting to have the group's name plastered all over the place when they arrived.

No one has yet claimed that the Wild Thing is going to turn the world over by the power of their musical sophistication, but they certainly are outrageous, and in a weird way very together. Poncho is president of the Wild Thing Corporation. He cracks a smile and slaps himself on the belly:

"Man, we're gonna get one of them big conference tables so we can have our directors' meetings in style. Mike does a good job with the books, and anything we can't handle, we pray to Clyde [points to the sky] for help. He's with us."

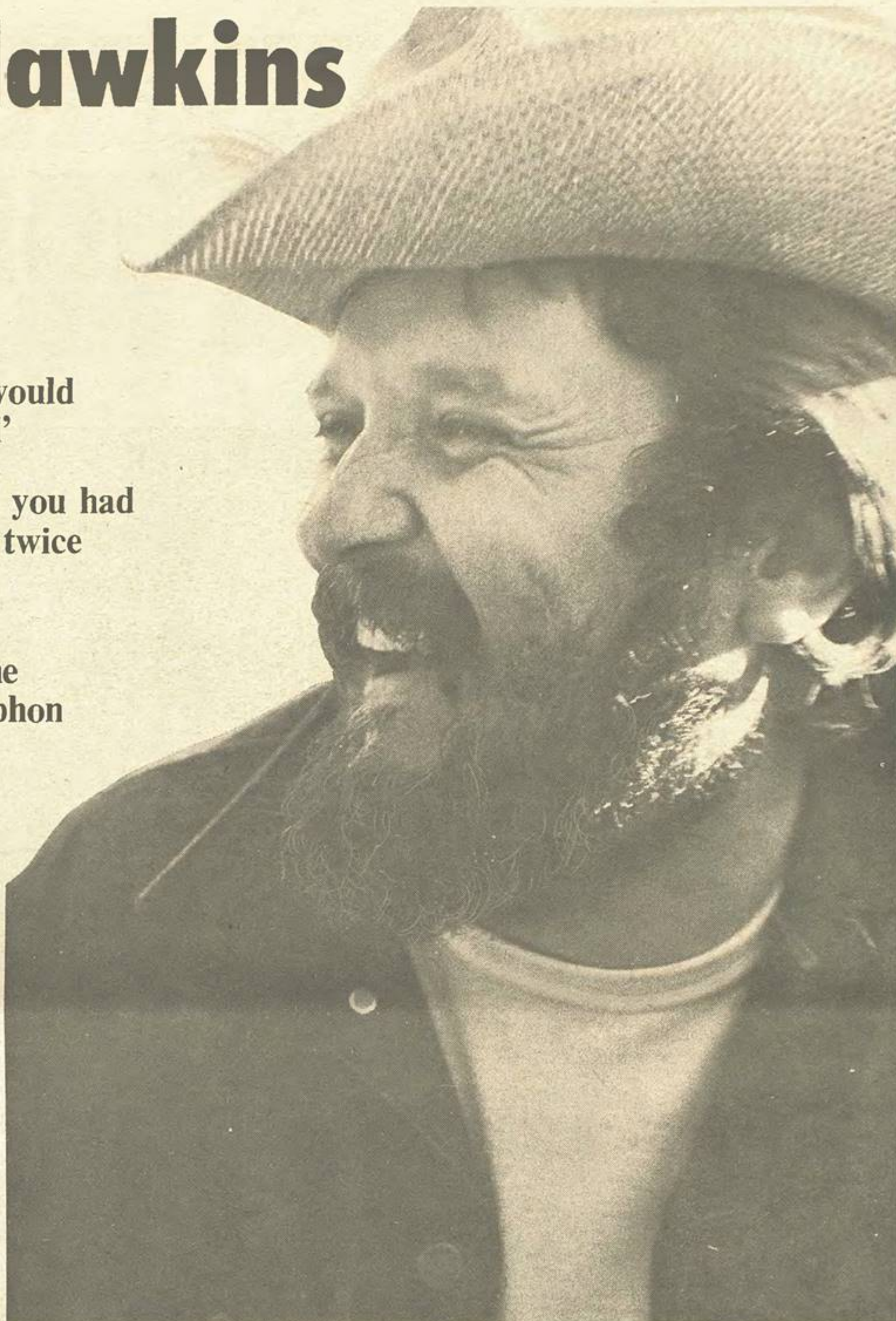


# Ronnie Hawkins

'We had parties that Nero would have been ashamed to attend'

'Those places were so tough you had to show your razor & puke twice before they'd let you in.'

'We used to have to carry the Arkansas credit card—a syphon hose & a five-gallon can.'



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARLENE DE COSIMO

BY RITCHIE YORKE

It's a typical Toronto Friday night. Hoods with greasy ducktail haircuts are dragging up and down Yonge Street, the city's main thoroughfare and girl-watching area. Where Yonge Street crosses Dundas is Toronto's equivalent of Times Square—a sprawling, ugly mass of neon signs, puke on the sidewalk, 8-year-old boys with dirty faces shining shoes at a dime a time, a few husky hookers waiting to be hassled by customer or cop.

Inside Le Coq D'Or restaurant-bar-tavern, Ronnie Hawkins is getting set to venture onto the stage where a red neon booms out LE GO GO. Hawkins has been standing on that stage three or four times a year for the past 11 years, but tonight is different. Tonight, Ronnie keeps saying, tonight is his second to last night. Tomorrow, Saturday, is his last night. Then he's off to Quebec for a further ten weeks of appearance at various clubs, then he sits down to decide his future. He's had offers, one from Grossman. Ronnie, now 34 and looking it too, may be about to get back into those winning ways of the late Fifties when he notched up several hits both here and in the U.S., on the Roulette label.

Ronnie is sitting around with a group of friends, hangers-on. A couple of broads are there, prize fighter named Charlie Chase, a record company lawyer trying to get Hawkins bombed so he'll sign a contract, a stock market voyeur who keeps ordering tubs of ice and champagne. "Fine people," says Ronnie, looking around at the packed house—guys in white socks, white shirts, black ties; blonde chicks in orange dresses and stocking tops showing where they meet long-legged corsets, these same blonde chicks furtively lighting up 100 mm cigarettes waiting for the action to start; Greek waiters hustling around. It doesn't really look like a crowd that will be notable for its musical appreciation.

"What're ya drinkin'," inquires Ronnie, catching a waiter going past, the catch being a grasp in the vicinity of the groin. Rum and coke. It comes, a double,

with just under an inch of space in the small glass for the coke. The chicks giggle. Ronnie looks at them strangely, then sees a couple he knows moving this way.

He jumps up, shakes the guy's hand, then kisses the girl on the lips. Then he goes down on knees, in full view of the white shirts and orange dresses, and makes like he has another kiss coming. The girl is embarrassed.

A fat, balding guy comes over and asks Ronnie where Levon is. Levon is Levon Helm of the Band, a group which once backed Hawkins, and was put together by him. Ronnie laughs. Turns back to the table. Someone mentions a well known fag. Ronnie retaliates, "I don't care what the does. Nobody's perfect, man. He can go out and make it with a goat. I don't mind as long as I can watch."

"People say to me, they say Ronnie, do you go down on girls and I say, well, I kiss 'em down to the belly button and then I develop amnesia."

Hawkins is a native of Arkansas, as you may have gathered from his diabolical dialect. He came to Canada 11 years ago, and he's now as much a part of the Maple Music Scene as Prairie Wheatfields. His jokes are famous, and deservedly so. Ronnie knows it. Nothing pisses him off more than a joke that backfires. He's telling us about one that bombed just this morning.

"We was talkin' about this chick, man, up in my gym upstairs. I got the only gym in the world where you can come in feelin' OK and leave a complete physical wreck. Anyway, we was up there, me and a few of the boys, and we was talkin' about a chick. I said to 'em, I said, 'Boys, that girl is so dumb that if her brains were cotton, she couldn't make a Tampon for an amoeba.' They all wanted to know what an amoeba was. Shit, man."

When Ronnie's not telling jokes, he's talking about the band, *his* band—"ma boys," as he loves to call them. And he's got reason to. Nothing delights him more than telling how it all happened, and what happened.

In minute detail.

"Man, we played every little honky tonk between here and Mexico," he says. "Those places were so tough you had to show your razor and puke twice before they'd let you in. Dress for the occasion was brass nuts and combat boots, switch blades and green jockstraps."

"We used to have to carry the Arkansas credit card—a syphon hose and a five-gallon can. I was the only rock and roll singer that performed every night with chafed lips."

"But boy it was fun. Chriist you wouldn't believe it. We had parties that Nero would have been ashamed to attend. In all the time I been on the road I must have laid a million girls, a few boys, and an odd goat. The goats were alright too, only you had to go round to the other end to kiss 'em."

"We had so many gang bangs and freaky orgies that I lost count. In every town, there was a dozen. Levon was always the best fucker. I remember this place in Arkansas—West Helena it was called—there was this colored hooker we called Odessa—wrote a song about her too. Levon and I would give her two bucks for the night. She'd give us a big meal, then bog us, and blow jobs too. Levon'd go first and then I'd go in and Odessa would say, 'Mr. Ronnie, you can go ahead, but I think that Mr. Levon has gone and taken it all.'"

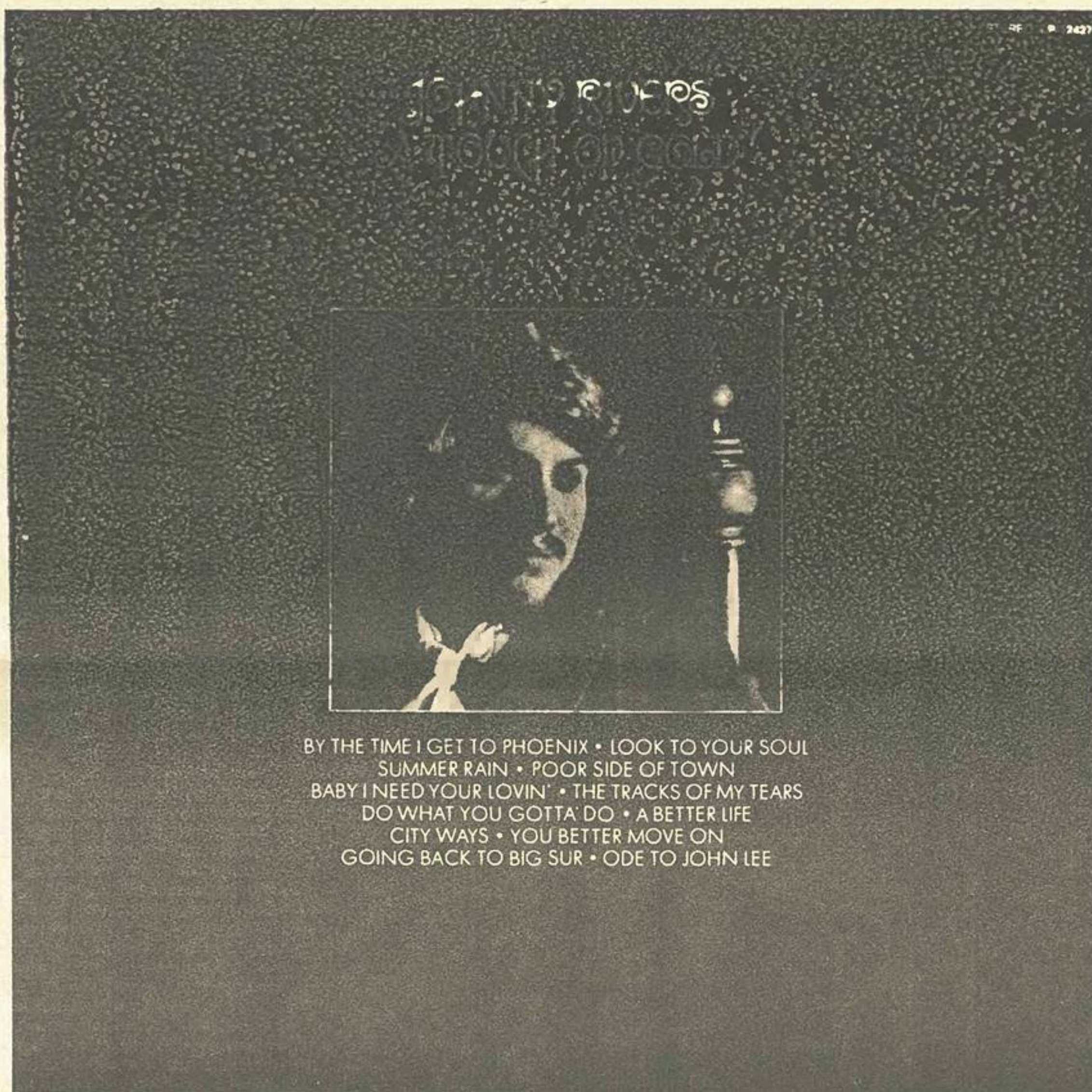
"That Mr. Levon has a strip of meat on him like a horse," she would say. Yes sir, Levon was well hung. He was a big boy that one. Never knew when to stop either. He had more meat than the Toronto abbatoirs. Odessa was a good gal, and boy she could cook up a storm."

Actually, Levon Helm came up to Canada with Hawkins in 1958. "We did our first Canadian gig together," Ronnie recalls. "It was in Hamilton at the Golden Rail. Harold Jenkins, a country-rock sort of singer, was also in town, and we all stayed at the same hotel, the Fisher."

"I remember one night Harold wrote a song and



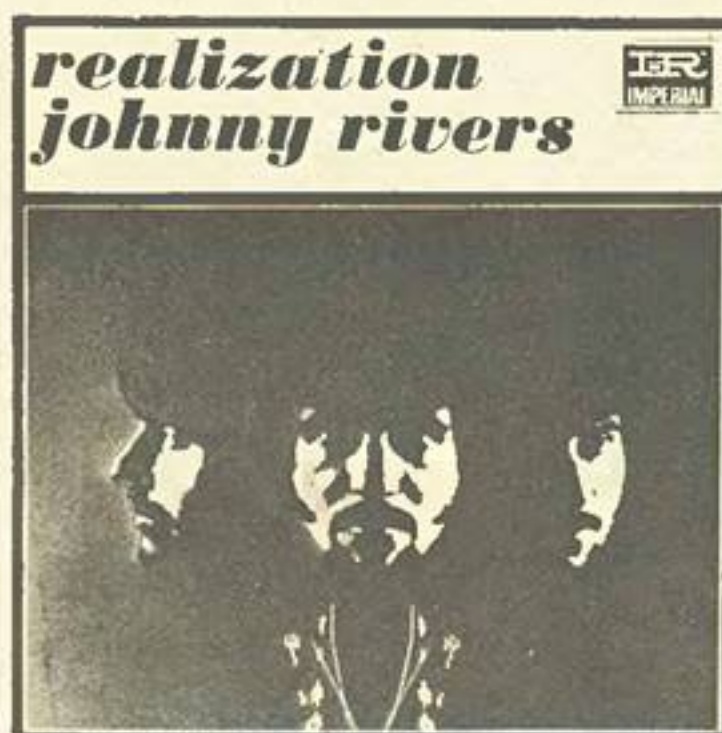
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he brought it in to try on us. Asked us what we thought and I said I didn't see it goin' anywhere. When he went back to the States he recorded it and changed his name. Turned out to be "It's Only Make Believe" by Conway Twitty, one of the biggest hits of the year.

"Back then Canada was just another place to play. We called it the Eskimo tour, though I gotta tell I ain't never seen an Eskimo, or a Mountie in red either. Not once. The group then was mainly Arkansas boys. But they were called the Hawks, as has been the case with all of my groups, then or since. We bumped into Robbie Robertson up in Canada, and he became our road manager. Later I worked him into the Hawks, first on bass, then rhythm and finally lead guitar.

"Richard Manuel came from Stratford [an Ontario town now justly famous for its annual Shakespearean Festival, which this year features Procul Harum in a concert of J. S. Bach with the Stratford Festival Orchestra]. He had a little group and I managed them for a while. Then it broke up and I brought Richard into my own group playing piano. It must have been seven or eight years ago, I don't remember the time too well now . . . I'm into my seventeenth year of rock and roll so I'm gettin' a little punchy, I can't remember the times and dates anymore.



"Anyway, we named Richard 'The Gobbler.' [laughs]. He's a homewrecker man, a working girl's favorite and a housewife's companion, or whatever that damn dumb sayin' is. If you're a hip guy, you'll understand why we called him that.

"Rick Danko was an apprentice butcher in Simcoe [a small lakeside town, 50 miles north of Toronto] and we picked him up from a poker band. He was a good looking boy with plenty of po-tential. He'd been playin' lead with this little band, but we put him on bass because Robbie was handlin' lead.

"The boys musta worked for me for four or five years. And they were hard years. By God, I made 'em rehearse every day [Hawkins is renowned for the merciless way he makes his groups rehearse day after day].

"We played some real tough places; the people didn't come to hear you, they came to mess with you. They'd flick cigarette butts, throw coins, steal your gear, and if you still kept on playin', well, they'd sit right down and listen to you.

"Shit, man, I remember one time in West Helena, Arkansas, we had to stop playin' when a brawl started. Three rednecks started tuggin' this young guy—nicely



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the Litter

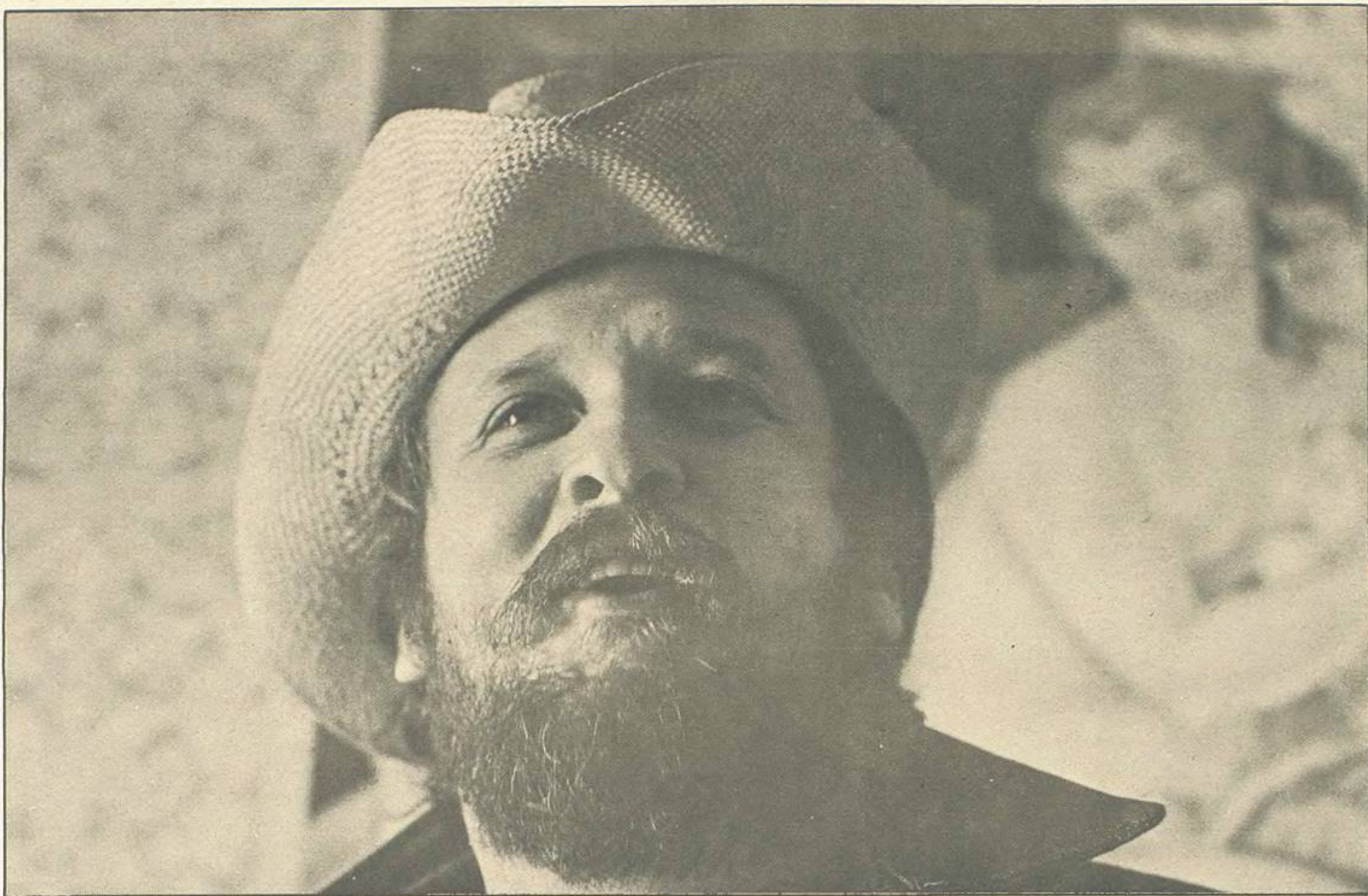
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dressed he was too—and he up and took after 'em with a plugged-in chain saw. Wow, he damn near sawed the whole place down before the fuzz arrived.

"He sawed the bar in half, a few chairs and even got at the redneck's car. Folks never did things half-heartedly at the places we played. If something had to be done, well, it was done good and proper.

"Yessir, they were rough times, but they were good times too. Musicians nowadays don't know what it's like to have rough times. There they are with their \$20,000 worth of equipment, a car, a truck, every darn thing. Back in the Fifties, rough times were when you didn't have a darn thing to put in your mouth but a woman's tit. Man, you didn't eat until after you got up there and played. That's what I call payin' them real dues, and the band paid 'em, man, they sure did pay 'em.

"They were boys when they started, but they were men when they finished. They'd seen damn near everything there is to see. They practiced, played and fucked in every town you care to name. Real dudes, man."

With such a carefree, careless life going for them, it's strange that the Band ever wanted to leave Ronnie.

"After a while," Hawkins explained, "they wanted to play more blues than I could let 'em. John Hammond came to Toronto and he really impressed the boys. This Hammond feller knew Dylan and he told 'em Dylan was gettin' ready to get into a blues thing. He told them to go and see Bobbie. So the boys went down and played a gig in New Jersey without me, and met up with Bob, and they went to live with him. Then later, when Dylan decided to quit the road and recordin', they had to break up, come back with me or go out by themselves.

"I was talking to Levon on the phone the other night and he said they been turnin' down \$20,000 a night. Fuck, I remember when they worked for two bucks a night and were glad to do it. Times sure do change." But Ronnie's pleased about it. The last thing he would do is bear a grudge. He digs what Dylan did to them.

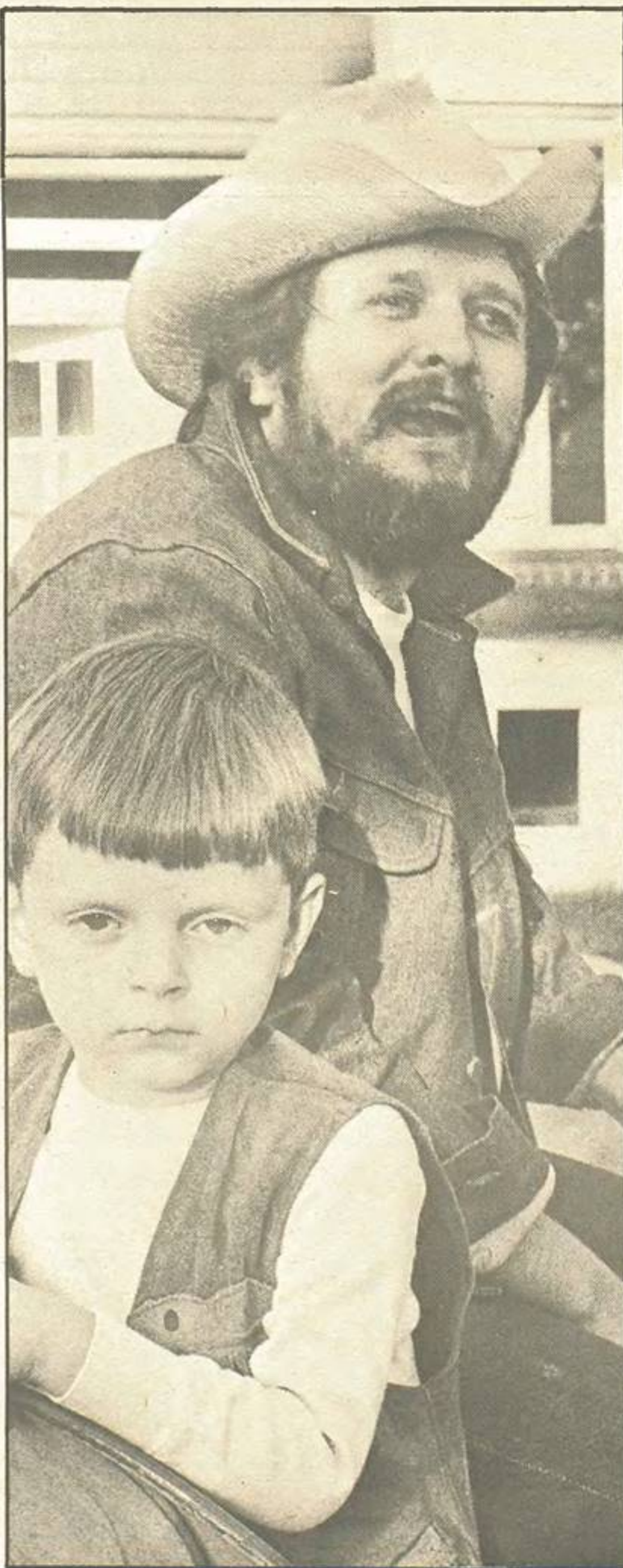
"There's two or three cuts on that album of theirs that I really like. But I'm not really a good enough musician to understand all that stuff. I do understand the lyrics though, and better than most people. That one about Caledonia Mission and being surrounded by Mounties, that was one time they got busted at the border. They're writin' about true things, the things that happened to us all along the way.

"I been thinkin' about visitin' them when I'm on vacation, just to see what they're up to now."

The manager of the club comes up to ask when Ronnie is doing his next set. Right now. He mounts the stage, sees someone he knows and comes thundering down across the front tables. He's a big man.

These days Ronnie fronts a six piece group—King Biscuit Boy on harp, Jay Smith on tamborine, John Till on lead guitar, Larry Ataminak on drums, Ricky Benn on piano, and Wayne Cardinal on bass. The King Biscuit Boy and Jay Smith also sing, both remarkably well. In fact, in an eight song set Ronnie only does three numbers, leaving the other five to the Boy and Jay. For the rest, he just stands up there, fingers clicking and jokes flying.

About this time of night, with a couple of double rums wandering around inside an empty gut, even Nancy Sinatra would sound like funk. Hawkins and his band are heavy. You shake your head and listen



again. "Tighter than a 10-year-old Vietnamese virgin," Ronnie would say. Nice hard country blues, the bridging is unreal. But you can rely on Ronnie to front a hot band.

"You know how to tell a liar," he's saying. "I mean the difference between two 14-year-old liars. It's not the 14-year-old boy who said he never did, but the 14-year-old guy who says he did but gave it up.

"My scoutmaster told me if you do that you'll go blind. I said go fetch me a pair of glasses, daddy, 'cos I ain't givin' this up for nobody. Wooooow.

"Here's a little ditty we always dedicate to the pretty pregnant little girls in the house."

And into Gordon Lightfoot's "(That's What You Get) For Loving Me." Nice.

Requests pour in, at approximately the same rate as the booze is poured out.

"Right about here, we wanna do a song about a man who came..."

"Into Home From the Forest." On and on it goes. The music gets harder all the time. The two chicks at the table, caught up in the music, are letting themselves be messed with under the tables. All the time, Ronnie stands up there cracking jokes, singing, sending up anything and anyone.

Someone yells out to Ronnie that he'll get jailed for cannibalism, and he puts his hand over the mike, and hisses, "Man, I'd suck her left kidney right out of her."

Ronnie was caught in a quandary. He's been living in Canada for 11 years, with occasional forays into the U.S. for tours and vacations, and he's eked out a cool, groovy living here. He has a wife ("she's alright, still lookin' for me"), he turns on (my metabolism must be different 'cos I don't get a buzz out of grass or hash. I just can't get the sort of buzz I got from booze, birds and speed"), and he has some loot stashed.

Most people think he's rich. He claims he's not. Says his bank manager reckons he has more notes on him than a Hammond organ. Nevertheless, he drives a custom-made Rolls Royce Phantom Five limousine, half-owns the Hawk's Nest teen club in Toronto, another club in London, Ontario, and lots of real estate. He draws large crowds on his regular 10-city Ontario circuit. And he rehearses his group every day.

But he's getting messed up. "Albert Grossman said, 'How would you like to make \$3,500 a night?' I said, 'Is a fifteen pound robin heavy?'" He hasn't made any decision, and won't until mid-way through June, but he's making another grab for the big time. He awaits offers.

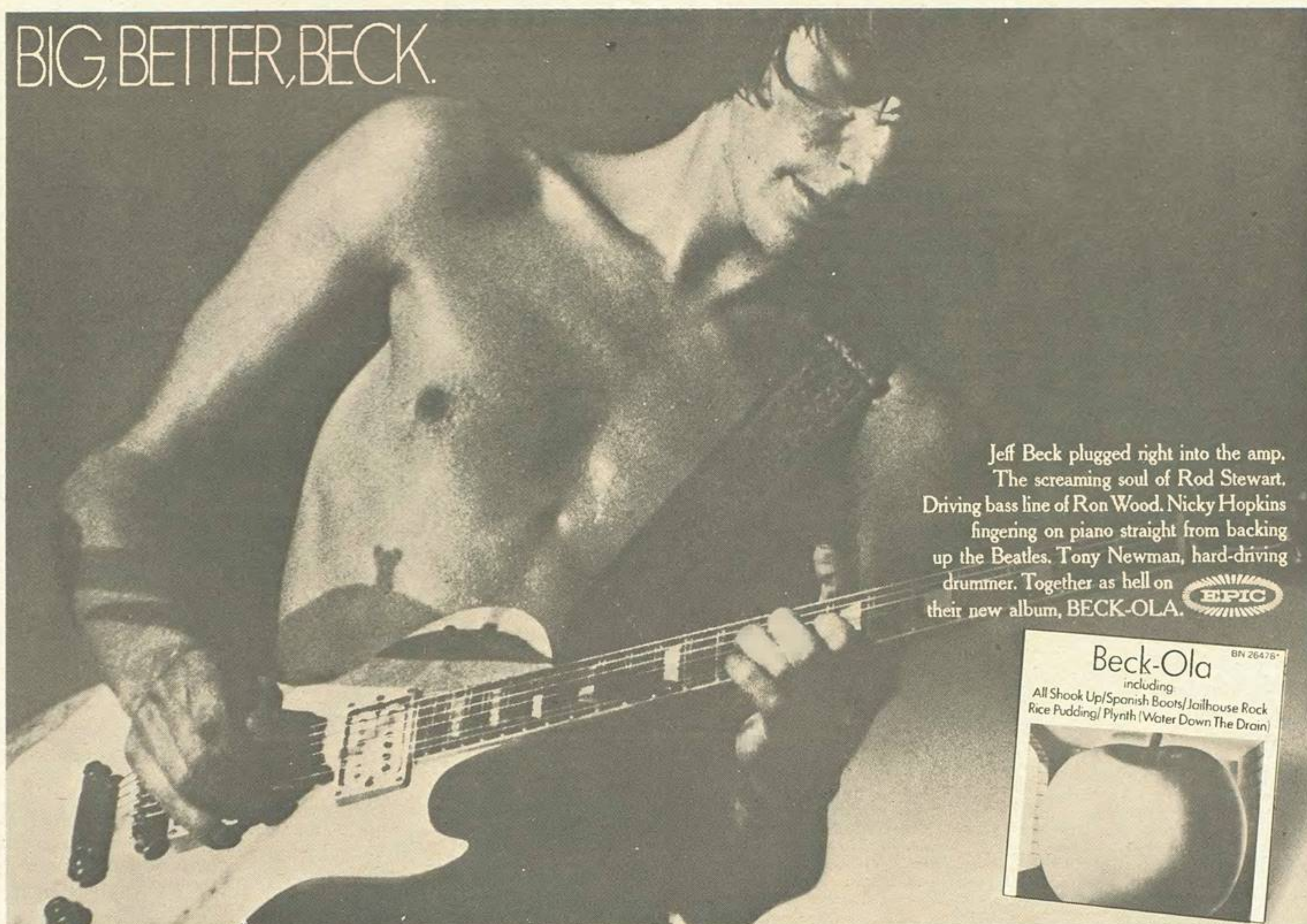
The big question that remains is whether Hawkins was just damn lucky to put together the Band, and whether they'd have even happened without his help. Most observers are inclined to give Hawkins much of the credit. He knows a good musician when he hears one. Two of his other guitar players have gone on to become session men in Nashville. Fred Carter, for example, is making \$150,000 a year there.

For Hawkins, the Band is something of a nostalgic trip. He remembers the good times, when he listens to those simple Canadian Country riffs and they learned with him. And the Arkansas blues feel he always had that he taught them.

"Everything's gonna be real fine for the boys," concludes Ronnie, making a grab for a half-exposed tit. "Real fine."



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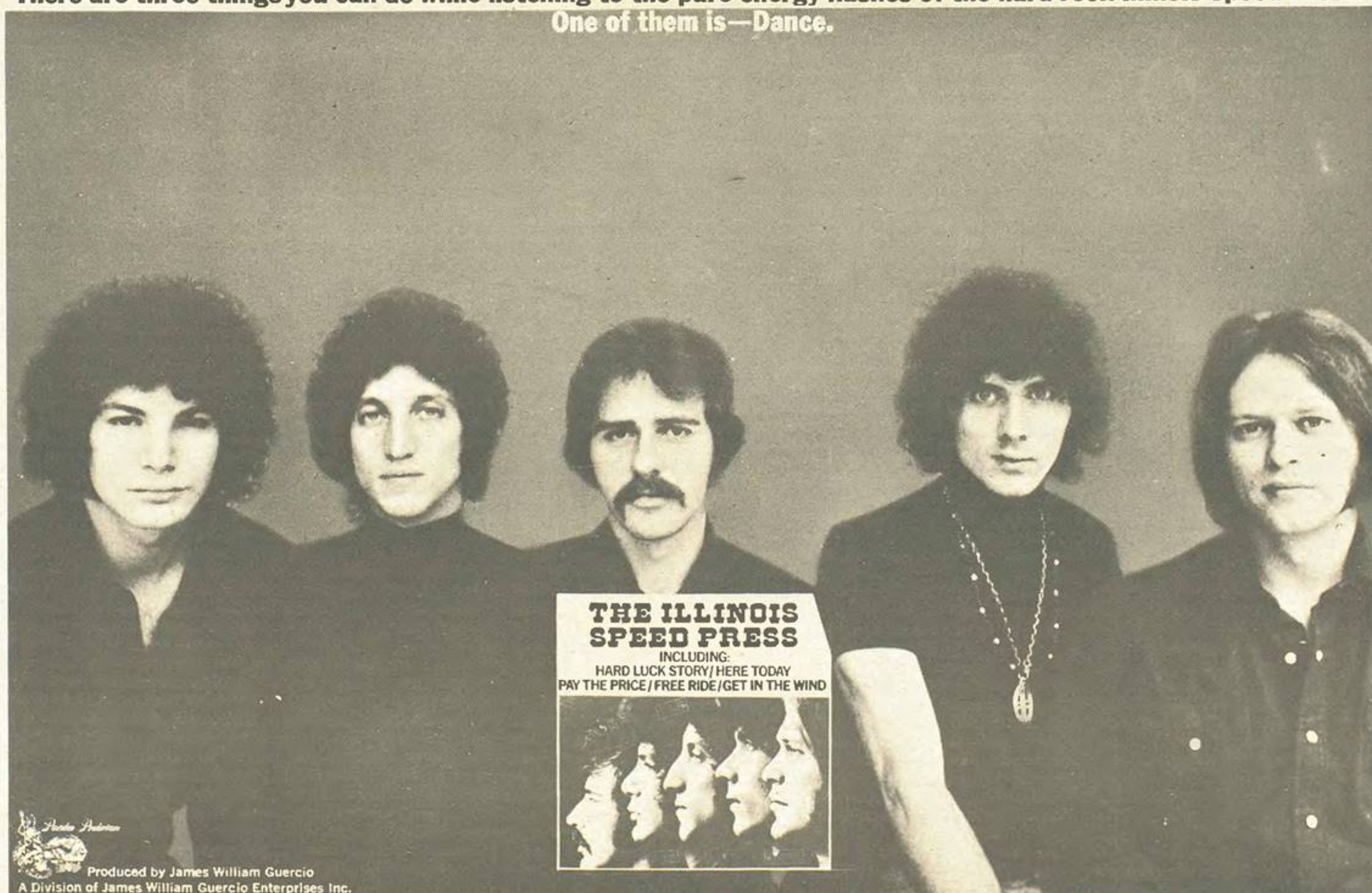


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## DOUG KERSHAW



BY PATRICK THOMAS

Doug Kershaw was sitting back Saturday afternoon, calm, in a purely relative sense, for the first time in twenty-four hours. His demo tapes were playing and a tape that Bob Dylan had made with the band a year or so ago, and Kershaw was perusing an article from the Berkeley Barb on "The Politics of Country Rock," which dealt with Dylan's *Nashville Skyline*.

He laid it aside and said: "Just what sort of language is that, anyway?"

The article was particularly derogatory of Johnny Cash and unsparing toward Nashville audiences in general, and it was rather startling that the only thing that disturbed Kershaw was a graphic reference to Jim Morrison's recent Miami debacle. He was assured that there was no reason to believe that there was any libel involved, and that actually, the article was to give him an idea of some of the urban reaction to Nashville's new prominence in pop.

"Well, have they convicted Morrison? It seems to me it's libel if they haven't. But anyway, what need is there for this sort of language? Just how many people would I want to show this sort of thing to? Are you married?"

"No."

"You got any kids?"

"No."

"Well, I'm married and I've got two kids. Now I wouldn't show this to my kids. You wonder why Dye-lan's down here. You saw his little boy, didn't you?"

"Yeah, I saw him."

"Well then I think you should know why he's here. He's grown up. Just what's this big difference between here and San Francisco. Do you really think the people are that different between here and there? You think people aren't poor here? You think people don't go out on their wives here?"

Though Kershaw is a Louisiana Cajun, he is immersed in the universe solution of Nashville, star-studded Music City, perhaps the only town left in the country where a long-hair can be stopped on the street not necessarily for violence but a simple "who are you?" The city suspends all these stars wheeling and pulsating and blasting their ways. Take a look out your window tonight. How many stars can you name? How many can you see?

Stars in this particular galaxy drive big cars. It's a studio musician totem to prove to anybody that you are constantly employed. It's Memorial Day, and Doug Kershaw rips out the road to the WENO Ranch in a Lincoln Mark III. Traffic is backed up a block-and-a-half at the next light.

"Howdy, folks!"

That was no problem. Just spin that block-and-a-half down the far left lane, between the yellow lines, and when you get to that light, just indicate politely that, really, you need to get into that right lane again. No problem at all. Folks just look and understand.

The WENO Ranch and Amusement Park (about three miles out back, actually, with soda pop saloons, blonde bar ladies and simulated fistfights) is the headquarters for one of Nashville's big Country stations. Kershaw has been busy down at the studio mixing a new single called "You Fight Your Fight, I'll Fight Me." He needs a rifle shot for a break, and WENO has one. ("... the Weno Good Guys—PT-CHOOIE ...") The control room is a folksy cube of Southern speed (airconditioning) with a sign that says: ARTISTS WELCOME, on the condition that they don't take up more than five minutes at a time. Back at the front desk, where we wait while Kershaw plays typewriter underneath a set of horns and an absorbent stretched cowhide inked by a hundred or so hands: Cowboy Copas, Hank Williams, Jr., Elvis Presley.

A half-hour later, back in the coolness of Woodland Studios, "You Fight Your Fight, I'll Fight Me" is getting its adjectives wiped by Kershaw's producer, Buddy Killen, who is also Joe Tex' producer. Initially the cut began with the sort of studied sloppiness that characterized the Stones' *Beggars Banquet*. Guitar, dobros, fiddle, catching a couple of bars' breath before banging into a hard, absolute rhythm. But Killen is a hard, on-beat producer who reportedly can hear a hole in your pocket—and after all, that's what he's hired for. So up goes Charley McCoy's harp, and Kershaw slips back into the studio and files down his dobro for another take.

This is the point where there is no doubt in your mind about Doug Kershaw. He's got it down, be it dobro, or fiddle, or whatever it is he's whanging out. The standby sign flashes to "NOW—PICK," and you set yourself aside.

Now, the playback sounds remarkably like "From a Buick 6," which, apparently, nobody has ever heard. Killen and his crew are generally satisfied, since, after all, this is the B side of a single. Kershaw, however, is not. To begin with, he wants this to be the A side. The other side is a genuine classic in the Chuck Berry line called "Feed It To the Fish," but "You Fight Your Fight, I'll Fight Me" is a song Kershaw really cares about this afternoon. A Cajun Protest Song? Well, as we are leaving the studio, Killen is mixing a straight C&W number with lyrics dealing with the Pentagon and such folks, lamenting the lack of telling-it-like-it-is.

"God, I've got nine songs to mix tonight."

The single will be released by Warner-7 Arts Reprise. Kershaw has cut only one album. That was about eight years ago, when he was billed with his brother, Rusty and Doug have a collection under the title *Louisiana Man* on Hickory, the Acuff-Rose outfit, that was re-released about six months back.

"Louisiana Man" has long since become a Country standard, and it is on this number that Doug Kershaw has based his reputation in Nashville. For the past three years, he's spent his time familiarizing his public with his last name.

His spot on the Johnny Cash Show was perhaps the worst performance Kershaw has ever given. Apparently, it never

occurred to the TV arranger that it isn't wise to submerge a Cajun fiddler in the jelly of Hollywood strings. At the Black Poodle in Nashville's Printers' Alley, where he plays regularly he always has his fiddle picked up on a jack, backed by fine house band—steel guitar, bass and drums.

As a club performer he is among the best. He plays 28 instruments, as Johnny Cash will tell you, but generally he relies on his fiddle and his dobro. In the sound spectrum, you have to rely on Chuck Berry as a harmonizing tone. (Berry is a Louisianan, too.) Kershaw is not black, but bayou French, that is to say, Cajun, and his sound relies on a distinct fibrous rhythm that should get tiresome, but doesn't.

Kershaw can blow up any club crowd to bursting. The playing would be sufficient, but he can whirl and twist his angular features in the most incredible geometric affronts to your sensibility that he can survive for four sets. It's unfortunate, in a sense, that he has developed this dervish intimacy to such a degree, because if you can't see Kershaw this way, you'll never see all there is to be.

For the next six weeks after the first Johnny Cash Show, Kershaw's entourage sat tight. Two days after the taping, CBS News ran a feature on Nashville music. Yes, Kershaw was in front, but the part that keeps his people breathless now is that Hughes Rudd, the CBS correspondent who covered it, decided that Kershaw should get held up high. So now he is up for a TV special to be shot down in Louisiana.

On July 17 he will appear at the Newport Folk Festival. Why, even Ed Sullivan has confirmed him. And Mother Earth, which, incidentally, has set up farming outside of Nashville, has invited him to play with them at Fillmore East.

Since the Cash show Warner Bros. has set Kershaw into immediate production of his first album. And apparently, the plans to have him tour with Johnny Cash this summer haven't been altered.

Being around Kershaw's people in recent weeks is to be acutely and uncomfortably aware of a rhythmic cycle of breath-holding.

"He's like a rocket about to be shot off," says his PR man, Claude Lawrence. And launch directors don't get nervous because they are afraid of success.

Kershaw himself, naturally, doesn't see it that way. He's already a star as far as he's concerned. The songs have been written and he's been blowing up audiences for a long time now. Nashville, a town full of stars, has been good to Doug Kershaw this year, and his business is to sustain what he already has got to give.

"Louisiana Man," his biggest hit to date, is one of those naturalistic pieces like, say, "Ode to Billy Joe," that fits cleanly into the Nashville perspective of what a song should portray. It deals with life in the bayou and the simple rhythms of visceral survival. Papa Jack,

he fishes and takes the kid down to the movie house when he goes into town to trade.

Now Doug Kershaw himself has never quite dissociated himself from this pattern of isolation and day-to-day survival. The persistent reliance on certain tones and rhythms within his work belies the fact that he learned English after he was eight years old and that, even now, he misses the fluidity that the sound of Cajun French affords the ear.

There is a certain polished professionalism in his performances that is distinct from that cheerful Nashville commercialism that ultimately feeds it. But the melding of the two only brings home the fact that underlying all the speed and flash that characterizes, not only Nashville entertainment but the entire English-speaking pop scene, there is the basic need simply to survive.

The charm and authentic hospitality you encounter here in Nashville only serves to underscore the hard facts of Southern survival and in the endless abstractions of the world of Music City, this understanding has never been lost.

So when a friend of Kershaw's is getting worked over in a rather ugly clash with the management of his hotel, Kershaw immediately rings the manager and brings his guns to bear.

"Hello, ma'am, this is Doug Kershaw. I understand there is some misunderstanding about. . ."

It sounds like a treacly performance, but you soon realize that this wild understatement commonly called charm is a cocked pistol down here. So Kershaw's shock at the language in the Berkeley Barb is clearly understandable. Remember Woody Guthrie's "Pretty Boy Floyd?"

Then along came a deputy sheriff, in a manner rather rude

Using vulgar words of language, his wife she overheard.

Then Pretty grabbed a log chain, the deputy grabbed a gun,

And in the fight that followed, he laid that deputy down.

Language is still felt hard here, and the constant overstatement of urban vernacular would blow a fuse in Nashville. (In light of this, the "new" Bob Dylan lyrics, which wring out responses from words like "suitcase" and "rumours" and even conjure up the pale phantoms of phrases like "out of sight," are simply the recognition of the fact that not all Americans feel the dead weight of thrice-throttled, TV-choked English.)

Kershaw played us a song he doesn't perform called "Son of a Louisiana Man," an autobiographical number, of course, dealing with his career away from the swamps. Not surprisingly, it retains lines from the original "Louisiana Man."

He's setting traps in the swamp, catching anything he can;

Gotta make a living, he's a Louisiana Man.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM MARSHALL



# BOOKS

US, edited by Richard Goldstein. Bantam Books, \$1.00.

BY ANDREW KOPKIND

The cult of the revolutionary is not the same thing as revolutionary culture. Richie Goldstein may understand the distinction, but his new "paperback magazine" seems designed to blur the difference: *US* comes on (which is to say it's put on) as the vanguard voice of the youth revolution. Goldstein's method is to define the revolution as that which revolves around himself: thus, "us." But syntax gives his game away. Real revolutionaries never use the objective case. They think of themselves as "we"—active agents working on the world around them. Only the cultists reduce reality to the notions and motions in their own heads; to them, what's happening to "us" is what's happening.

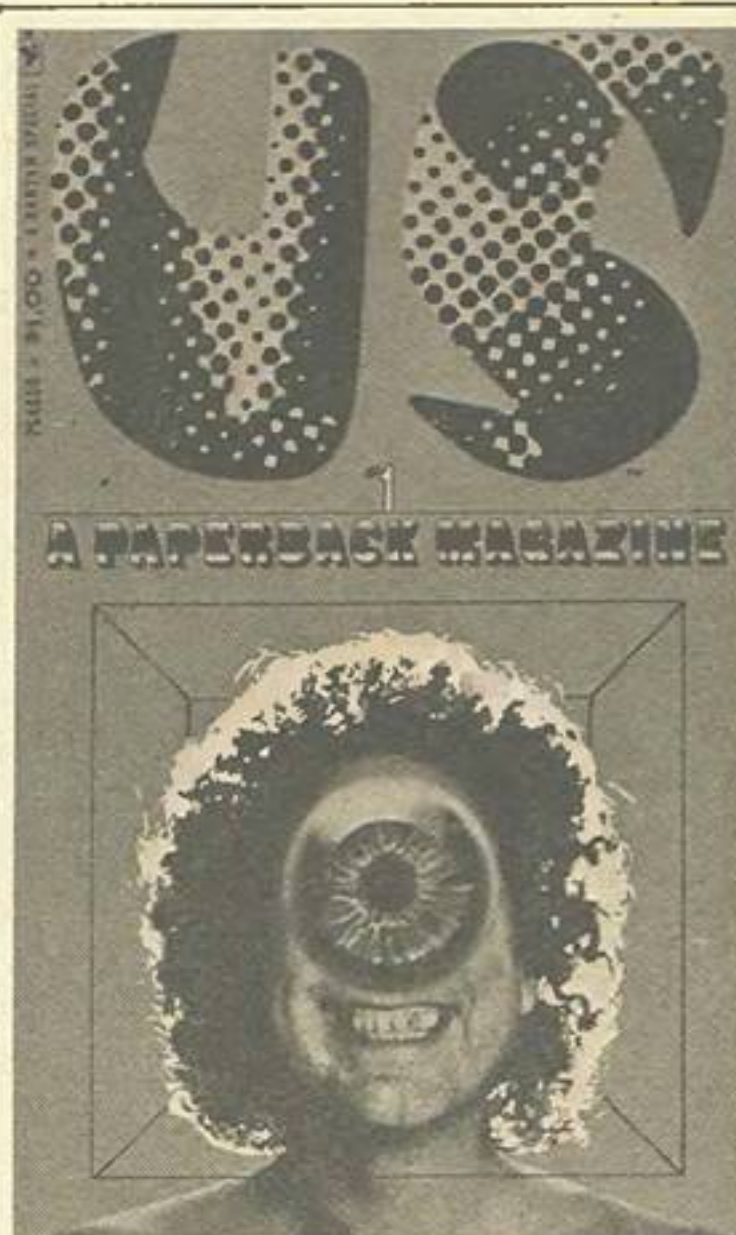
On the one hand, *US* is a Bantam-weight packet of diversions and delights, some of them more diverting and delightful than others, at a dollar a shot. Its style flows freely—and expensively—from *Playboy* and *Esquire*; its sense leaves off where *Cheetah* and *Eye* began. Its message was stated more clearly by the old *Ramparts* and (to be fair) *ROLLING STONE*: social movements can be used for fun and profit. *US* makes revolutionary virtue of bourgeois necessity. If the market place is the battleground, play it for pay.

On the other hand, *US* collects some good writing, pleasant poems and amusing drawings, even if most of it is strongly derivative of older forms and persons past. James Simon Kunen, Columbia's New Camus, is represented with an elegant account of a recent Apollo shot, written in a worried tone that evokes a bad case of post-adolescent tonsillitis, like one of the lesser cuts on *Highway 61*. Michael Lydon's reminiscences of multiple-murderer Charles Starkweather and Fifties culture (the connection is somewhat strained) could be a chapter from a sensitive autobiography that one or another large publishing house will release shortly after the next round of campus insurgency or street fighting. ("Now"—the ad will read—"an authentic American revolutionary tells it like it is, and what it's like to grow up in a world of sex, violence and alienation! 'I often wonder as I'm popping mesc or gunning down the pigs,' the author writes, 'whether Friedrich Engels was as concerned as I am about nocturnal emissions.'") Steve Katz contributed a few "anti-myths" (the funniest is an erotic fantasy of Nancy and Sluggo) that come perilously close to the pieces Donald Barthelme was doing a couple of years ago in *The New Yorker*.

The fact is that the very best things in *US* could have been (indeed, seem to have been) done for any one of several "straight" magazines that nowadays make their living of radicalism, freakdom, eroticism, or the black rebellion. Craig Karpel's piece on David Eisenhower seems to have been picked up from the *Esquire* editing room floor; Jon Landau's notes on Brandeis (and himself) could easily appear in a slightly more alive *Commentary*. The exception to all the competent conventionality is the Crumb portfolio of drawings; there's not much doubt now that he's one of the very few authentic, original geniuses of the new generational culture. Still, Crumb does better things for his own succulent pamphlets.

All that leads to a conclusion that *US* is straight, too: that it has no functional involvement with the cultural revolution except as a packager of its products. Despite the youth of its editors and contributors, the contemporaneity of its language, and a vague up-front quality to its appearance, *US* is an event only in the history of packaging, not in the history of movements.

Its publication, however, does raise the very important issue of how writing, literature and publishing can really connect



A PORTFOLIO FROM THE SKETCHBOOKS OF ROBERT CRUMB

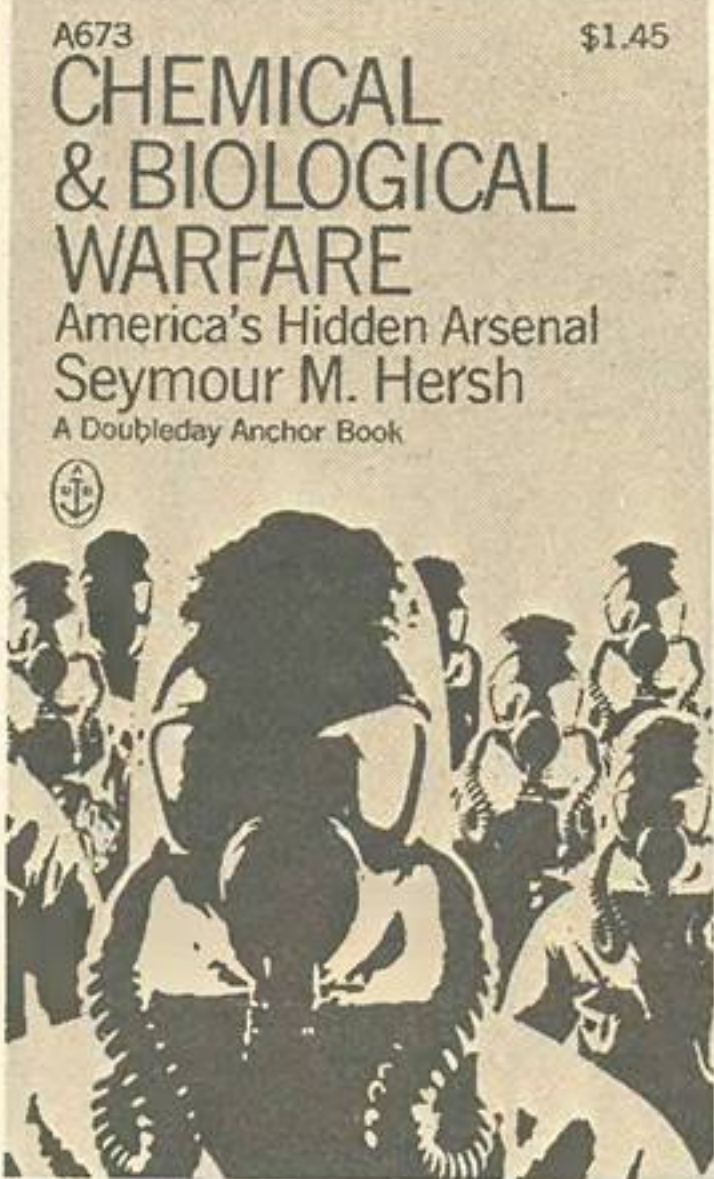


with a revolutionary force. It's hard to tell exactly, but some kind of radical break with earlier cultural values occurred in the mid-Sixties. The lines are obscured by the foreshadowing that came in the previous several years: Pop, op, the new journalism, camp and mod were pre-shocks and after-shakes that blend into the main explosion. But the great quake at the center cannot be described in any one form like "hip" or "freak" or "acid" or "rock." Those are transient expressions; what is new is the way in which ordinary people are beginning to think about "art" as a way to give meaning to their lives.

The cultural revolution is clearest, of course, in music—and to a slightly lesser extent, in films. Quite apart from the question of whether the bands and singers are professionally proficient or the film-makers are technically competent, their products do make sense to people in the way that the old plastic goods do not. We use Dylan (for example) to direct out sensibilities and order our understanding of the world; he does not define "us"—except in the journalistic way. And it's not just the lyrics, or the orchestration, or the style: it's Dylan's unique vision about what's valuable and what's not, what's true and what's dishonest, what's in good faith and bad. People connect with the music, with the films, with the underground press, with the drug/mystic movement, and with political organizations because of that vision. When it fails, the institutions die; they do not make "us." We make them.

That's why *US* is essentially a shock: not because it's poorly produced or written (it's not), but because it has no unique vision. It does not speak for revolutionary culture, but about it.

For it to be different—for *US* to succeed as a revolutionary voice—it would have to remove itself as far as possible from the culture of comfortable oppression which is represented by the commercial world which has created it, and which it serves. Not because commerce is somehow dirty or impure: that may be true, but it's not the issue. What is important is that visionary voices be free to attack—and visionary eyes be free to see through—the very qualities which *US* incorporates: commercialism, stardom, sensationalism, slickness, cynicism. Insofar as the other revolutionary voices fall victim to those faults and fail in their attacks, they are discarded, too; everybody knows how rock groups, underground papers and political organizations crumble under the overwhelming pressures of the society. But *US* will never be in a position to sell out. It cashed in at the very start.



Chemical and Biological Warfare: America's Hidden Arsenal by Seymour M. Hersh. Anchor Books, \$1.45  
BY LANGDON WINNER



"This book is as essential as the air we breathe!" Fancy New York Times book reviews used to begin with this exclamation. In this case, however, it may be literally true. If you spent the year at Madison, Berkeley or the Denver rock festival, Myron Hersh's *Chemical and Biological Warfare* will tell you the nature of the gases you've been inhaling while walking through the new America. The book describes DM, CS, CN and other potent mixtures banned for more than forty years in international warfare but now commonly used in what Senator McGovern recently called the nation's "war against youth."

The author is respectable. The facts well documented. Hersh is a veteran journalist who served as Eugene McCarthy's press secretary in last year's presidential campaign. His information is taken from interviews with experts and from military and scientific writings. Not embellished with a *Ramparts* Magazine muckraking style, the book simply lays out the facts and lets them shriek for themselves. "GB: An odorless, colorless, volatile gas that can kill in minutes in dosages of 1 milligram, approximately 1/50 of a drop. In the U. S. arsenal since the late 1940's, it is also known as Sarin. The gas kills by paralyzing the nervous system."

Hersh's primary intention in writing this book was to expose America's \$300 million a year development of chemical and biological weapons and to alert the nation to the sorts of men responsible for our stockpile of horrors. As the tale unfolds we learn of the secret bases—Fort Detrick, Pine Bluff, Rocky Mountain Arsenal, etc.—which currently investigate riot control gases, defoliants, bubonic plague, anthrax, nerve and mustard gas, and biological agents "so powerful that only eight ounces is considered enough to wipe out the entire population of the world." The question of what it all means is left for the reader to decide. It is certainly an unsettling panorama.

Several of the stories in the work smack of an astounding kind of gallows humor. Hersh records, for example, that during World War II the same man who invented napalm "was also heavily involved in a weird Army scheme to equip bats with tiny incendiary bombs." The bombs with delayed fuses were to be attached by a string around the chests of the unsuspecting creatures. "As the Army envisioned it, the bats would be dropped over large Japanese cities, quickly find hiding places, chew their strings, and leave the bombs. After two years of research, a trial run was made in Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico. On the first day, some bats escaped and set off fires that completely demolished a general's auto and a \$2 million hangar. The Army project was abruptly canceled."

If Edgar Allan Poe had read some of the tales in this book, he would have retired in dismay. No gothic writer or author of science fiction could ever invent grotesque beings to match those Hersh calmly describes. One interviewee, a former GI at Dugway Proving Grounds (where 6,000 sheep died from a mysterious invisible poison one day last year) gave his impression of the permanent staff there: "(The) civilians, whether Ph.D.'s or not, were a strange breed of people... They all had credentials, degrees, etc., but from the time they arrived at Dugway they just turned off. It was another world, ostensibly a scientific testing operation but in reality a home for derelicts of all kinds..."

The irony of the book is, of course, that Hersh did not anticipate where the "derelicts" would strike first. For this reason his work will be useful to us not so much in learning the facts of CBW weapons in international warfare, but in understanding the nature of the weapons currently employed against our civilian population. Tear gases are now sprayed almost daily to disperse gatherings of young citizens in the United States. Defoliants currently used to destroy the rice crops of Vietnamese peasants are now also spread by Army helicopters in Mexico to destroy fields of marijuana waiting to be harvested and exported to West Coast clientele.

This book is a must for anyone planning to go to a pop festival this summer or back to college next fall. "Say, is this gas in my eyes CN or CS? Should I use plain water or baking soda? What sort of charcoal filter does Hersh recommend for my gas mask? When does Jimi Hendrix come on?"

Required reading for every patriotic American.



**"Well there's one thing for certain  
we ain't never gonna make it,  
cause even when I close my eyes  
I can't fake it."**

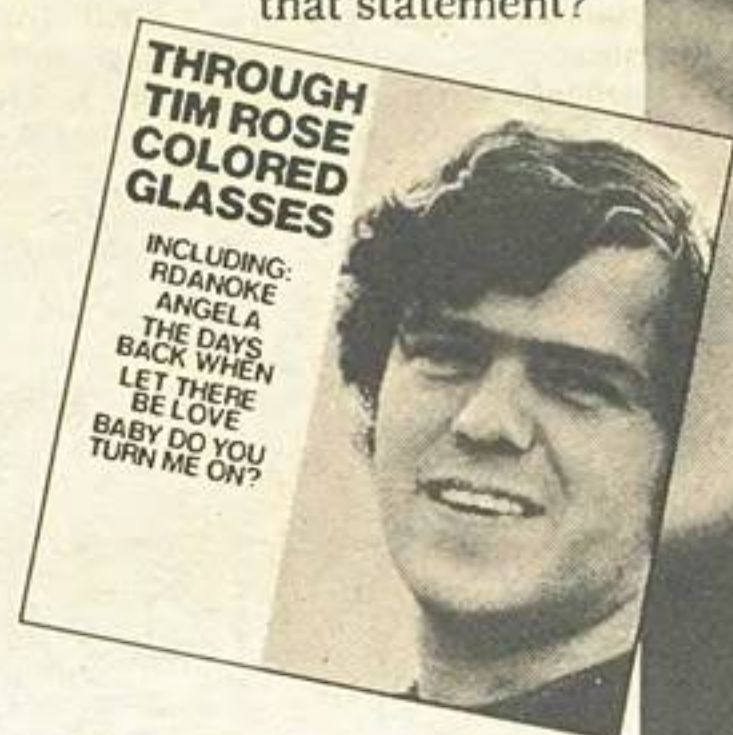
Yes, kiddies, Tim Rose is back. Tim Rose. Whose debut album contained the first gutsy version of "Hey Joe." The version that Hendrix picked up on.

And at the same time contained "Morning Dew." A sensitive Tim Rose original that's become a folk classic.

Now it's time once again to look at the world through the eyes of a unique individual. Eight new originals. Plus Tim's interpretations of songs by people like Gilbert Becaude and the Bee Gees.

*"You got a mind that's walkin'  
all over your head,  
you move about as graceful  
as the Statue of Lead."*

What other singer would make that statement?



ON COLUMBIA RECORDS



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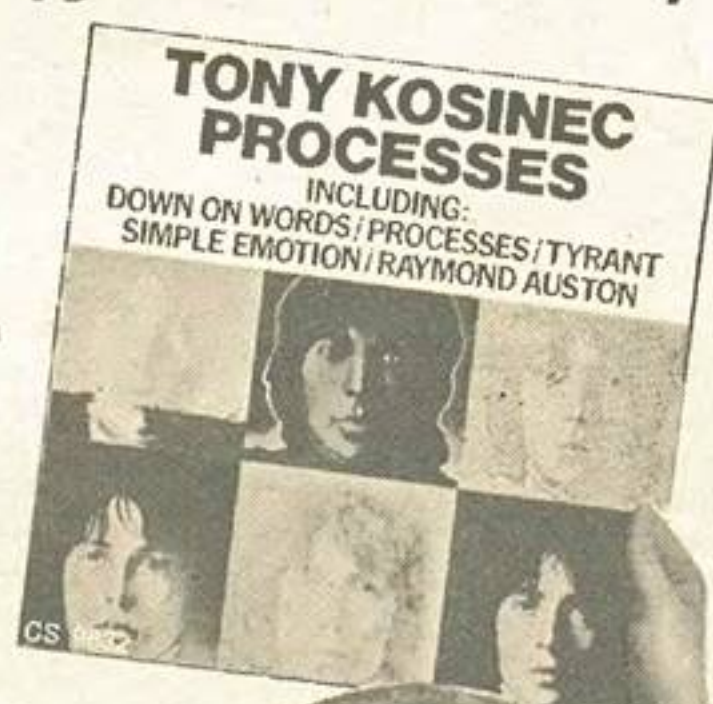
Every track is beautiful and valid. Songs that don't have to grow on you. But do anyway.

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INSTALLMENT  
SEVEN

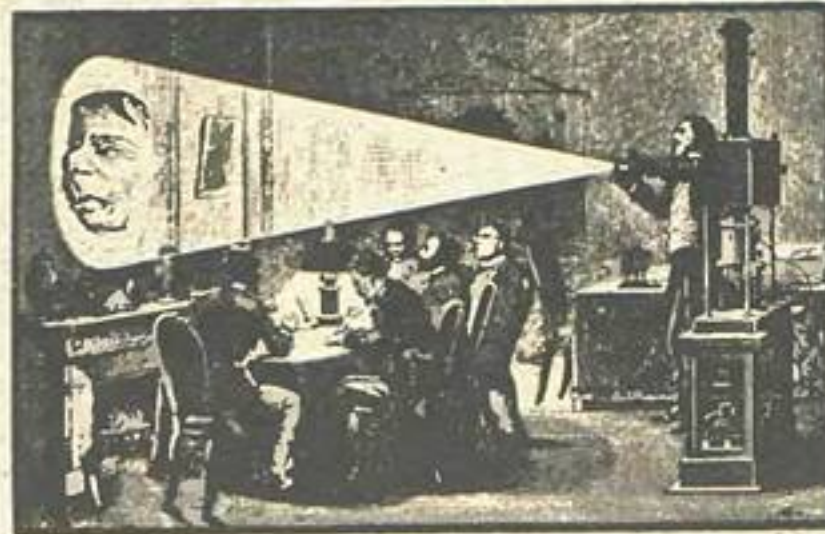
# FUZZ AGAINST JUNK

## THE SAGA OF THE NARCOTICS BRIGADE

BY  
AKBAR DEL PIOMBO



Fig. 1



**REHASH:** In the wake of an outbreak of crime traced to dope usage, the N.Y.-P.D. has summoned help from the British super-sleuth Sir Edwin Fuzz. In our last issue we left Sir Edwin in a projection room, where he continued to undergo a rapid briefing.

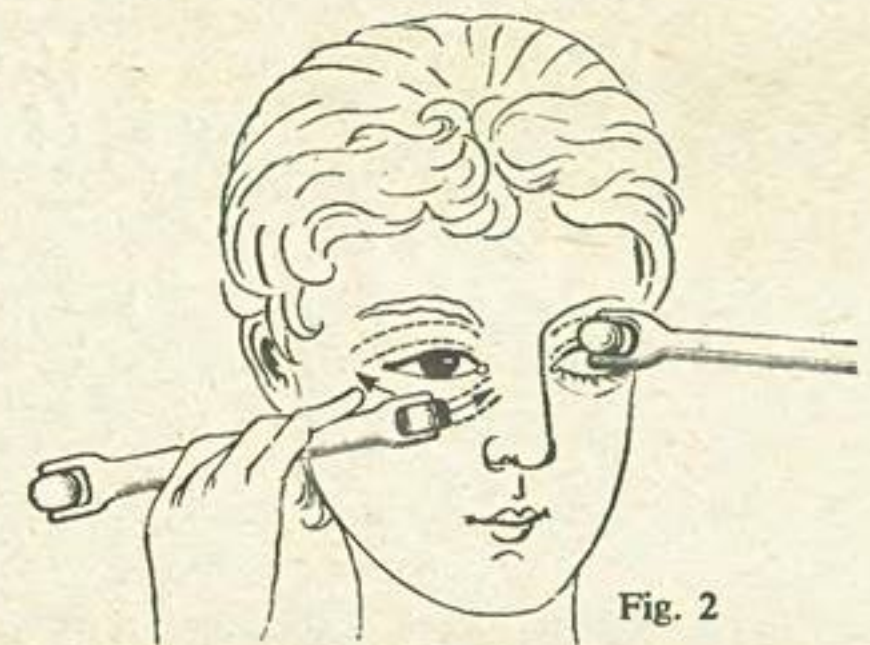


Fig. 2

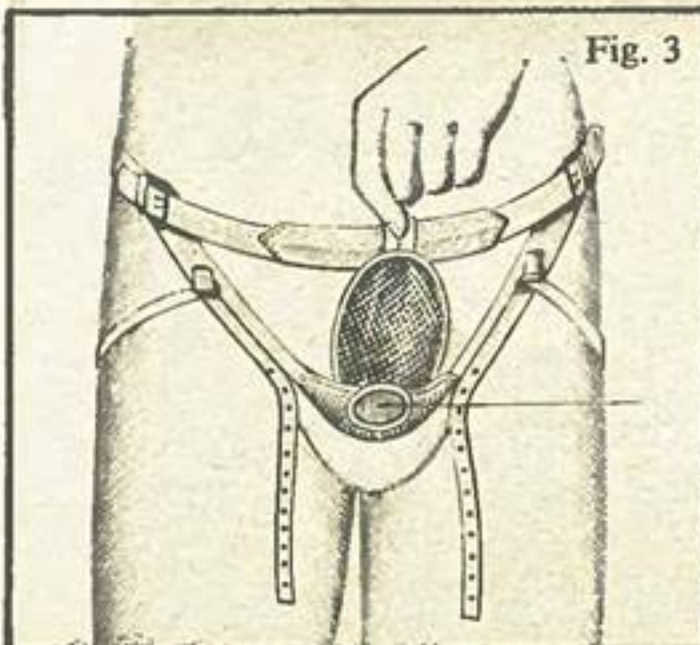


Fig. 3



Fig. 4

**THE FIX:** Fig. 1—Orthophonic system of Cocaine absorption and cut-away section showing method of concealing drug while passing through Customs.

Figs. 2 and 3—Two ingenious systems for smuggling.

Fig. 4—Cataleptic supporting stock for "stoned" subject.

Fig. 5 (at bottom of page)—New York detective demonstrating complete inflexibility of "stoned" subject.



The above four panels depict attitudes of different criminals during police interrogation. The remaining illustrations on this page are of "stoned" subjects.

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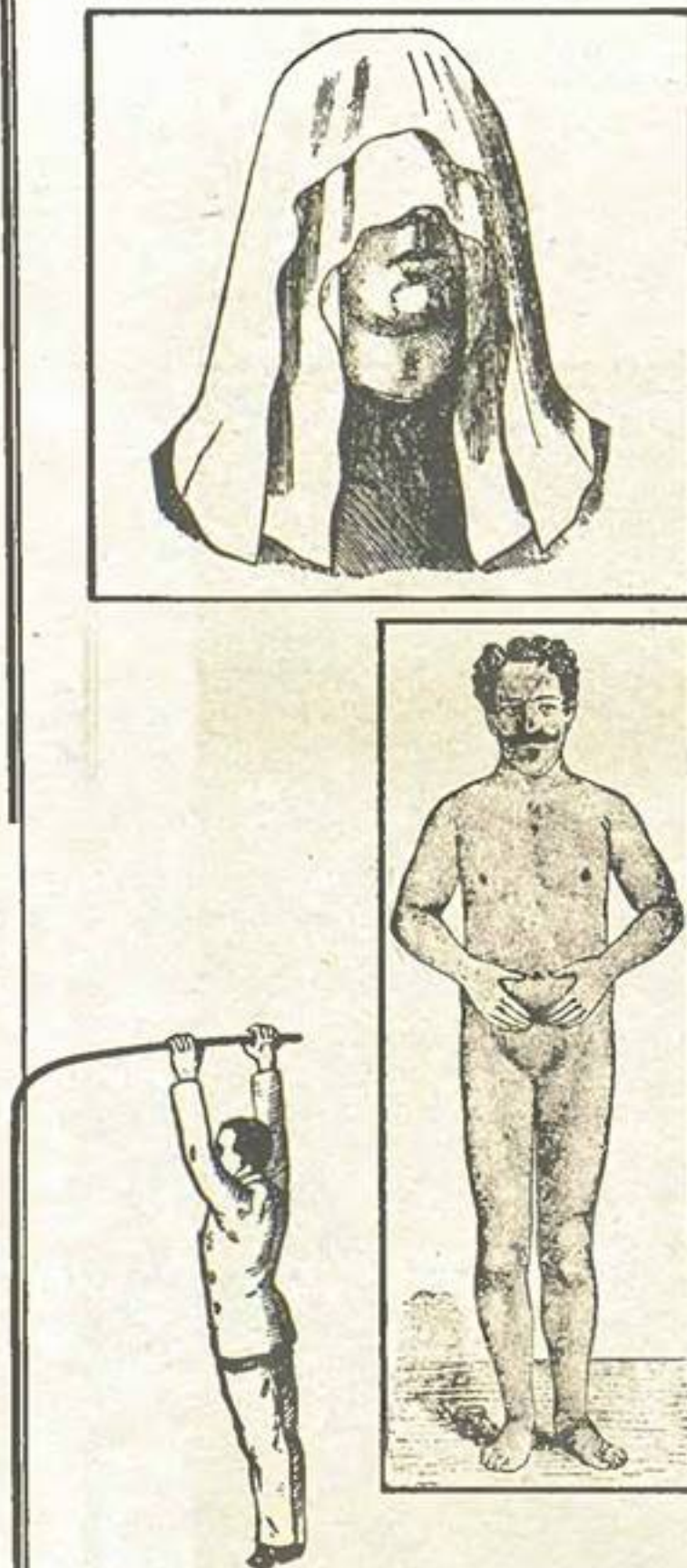


Fig. 5





# THE ROLLING STONES

## Honky Tonk Women You can't always get what you want



Produced by Jimmy Miller  
Manufactured by Nanker Phelge Music Ltd.  
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# RECORDS

*The Best of Solomon Burke* (Atlantic 8109)

*King Solomon, Solomon Burke* (Atlantic 8158)

BY PETER GURALNICK

The business of soul is salvation, and no one is better at it than Solomon Burke. Today the music is sometimes less important than the image, as James Brown gets more and more caught up in his messianic quest and the familiar churchy sound is abandoned for more self-conscious statements of roots. When soul music consisted only of that earnest preaching style, though, it was Solomon Burke, the Bishop, who was crowned King of Rock 'n' Soul, and indeed, the title was well earned.

His reign didn't last very long. It was just about five years ago that I saw him headlining a show that featured Otis Redding and also included Joe Tex, Rufus Thomas, and a torrid Sugar Pie De Santo slipping off her "Slip-in Mules." As the headliner, Burke of course came on last, with all the attendant panoply of startime. He wore a gold lame suit with a gold cummerbund stretched tight across his substantial middle. As he ran through his old hits—standards like "Cry To Me," "If You Need Me," "Down in the Valley"—he captivated an audience of brothers and sisters that is not always easy to please, and when he launched into his then-current hit "Goodbye Baby," there were shouts of recognition. He stood on the edge of the stage, jacket thrown off, tie loosened and sweat pouring down his face, moaning out his song to the familiar gospel changes. Suddenly some kids rushed the stage, pushing each other forward and clambering towards him. Instead of retreating, in a spontaneous gesture of magnanimity Solomon handed them the mike and allowed them to finish out his song. He stood there in the wings, eyes closed and swaying, while the kids sang and danced until the sound was finally cut off.

"There's a song that I sing and I believe if everybody was to sing this song it would save the whole world," he preaches with fervor in a song the Stones were

later to popularize for another audience, "Everybody Needs Somebody To Love." Every song he does seems to have this underlying conviction that somehow or other by his investment of emotion he might indeed change the world's course. For some singers soul was a mixture of church and blues, but for Solomon Burke, the boy preacher from Philadelphia, it's all church, and even his celebrated adaptation of country music (with "He'll Have to Go," "Just Out of Reach" and a host of Jim Reeves songs) failed to change the character of his message. When he sings even a trivial pop song like "Get Out of My Life, Woman," he injects the evangelical note with his verse, "Get out and vote now, baby, I might run for president. You won't have a chicken in every pot, but I'll give out

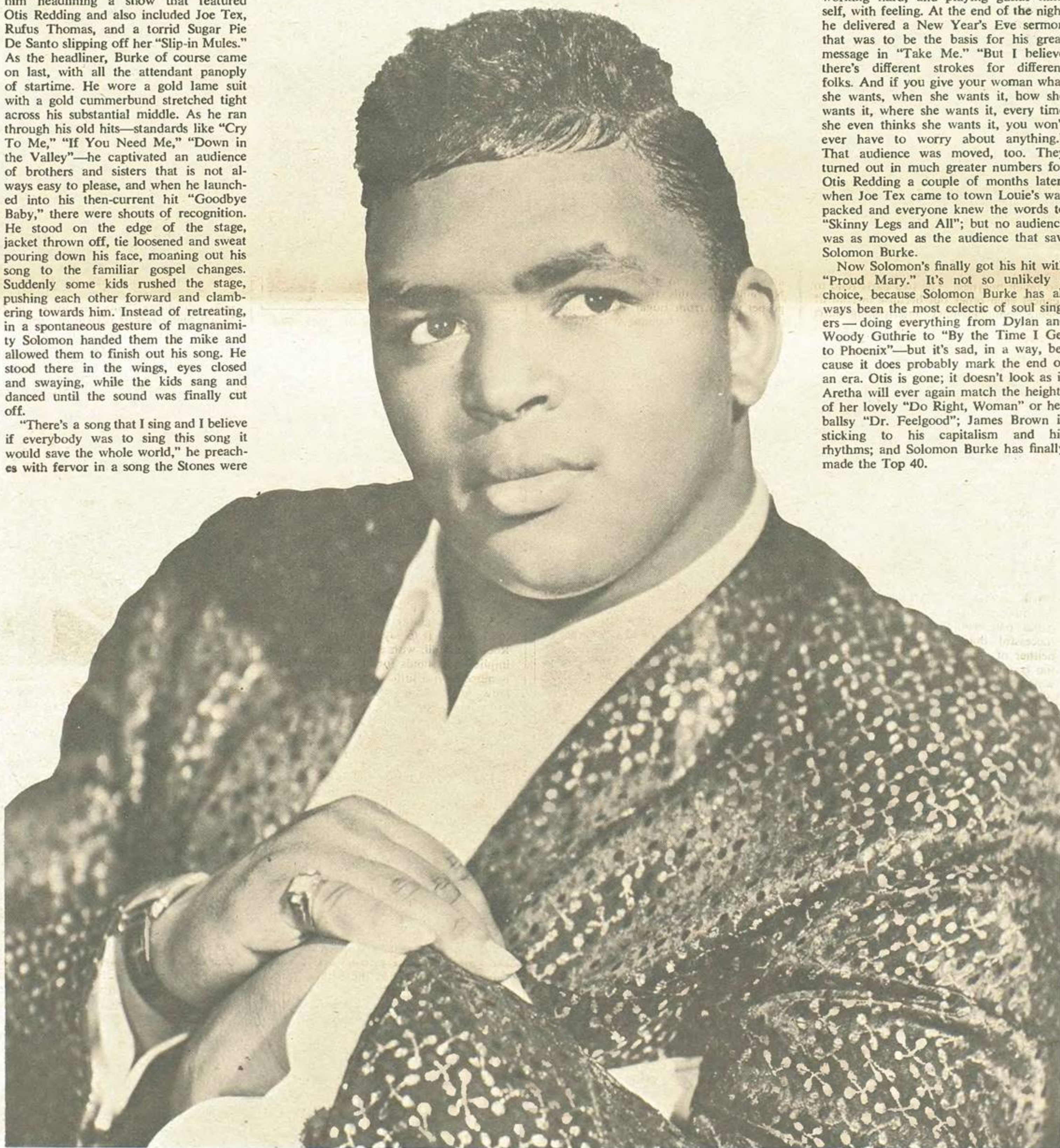
stamps to pay your rent"; and on "I Wish I Knew (How It Would Feel to Be Free)," a song with an admittedly explicit message, he declares, "Most of all I wish I had the answer and the secret to peace, I'd give this secret to every leader of the world..."

Probably his best selection on record is *The Best of Solomon Burke*, which includes all of his most familiar hits and one of his greatest compositions, "The Price." Almost equally good, however, is his next to best album for Atlantic, *King Solomon*. It offers a free selection of the throbbing soul ballads he does so well, including his best big hit, and one of his very best songs in the preaching vein, "Take Me," as well as a driving version of the Staple Singers' "It's Been a Change." Throughout the album his rich,

resonant voice is shown off to great advantage, at times reminiscent of Sam Cooke in its smooth, almost syrupy quality, occasionally suggestive of Elvis Presley (another singer who passed from country to soul, going the other way), in the sudden swoops from high to low, in the lush vocal orchestration he will allow himself. What sets Solomon Burke off from every other singer, though, is the suppressed energy which lurks just beneath the surface of all his best songs. There's always the impression of barely controlled power which, if unleashed, could overwhelm the listener.

He was in town again a couple of years ago for New Year's Eve. He had been a long time without a hit, and the turnout at Louie's Showcase Lounge in Roxbury, Massachusetts, was sparse. He put on his show as usual, though, working hard, and playing guitar himself, with feeling. At the end of the night he delivered a New Year's Eve sermon that was to be the basis for his great message in "Take Me." "But I believe there's different strokes for different folks. And if you give your woman what she wants, when she wants it, how she wants it, where she wants it, every time she even thinks she wants it, you won't ever have to worry about anything." That audience was moved, too. They turned out in much greater numbers for Otis Redding a couple of months later; when Joe Tex came to town Louie's was packed and everyone knew the words to "Skinny Legs and All"; but no audience was as moved as the audience that saw Solomon Burke.

Now Solomon's finally got his hit with "Proud Mary." It's not so unlikely a choice, because Solomon Burke has always been the most eclectic of soul singers—doing everything from Dylan and Woody Guthrie to "By the Time I Get to Phoenix"—but it's sad, in a way, because it does probably mark the end of an era. Otis is gone; it doesn't look as if Aretha will ever again match the heights of her lovely "Do Right, Woman" or her ballsy "Dr. Feelgood"; James Brown is sticking to his capitalism and his rhythms; and Solomon Burke has finally made the Top 40.







Johnny Winter (Columbia 9826)

Having listened to the new Johnny Winter LP for a couple of weeks, I have to say that I found it disappointing, despite the fact that in several respects it's a more than respectable, even a fine album. But it hasn't the looseness, excitement, intensity, the real power and urgency of the best stuff on the earlier Sonobeat session. Most of the music on the Columbia set sounds tired, fussy, too worked-over and worried out of any real vitality. Undoubtedly there were strong pressures on Winter to come up with a truly "heavy" album that would justify all the hype that followed on his six-figure signing, so perhaps he can be excused for being a bit cautious. I'm damn sure I'd be. But it's too bad he wound up the victim of all the B S that went down.

This could have been a monster of an album. As it is, there are a couple of spots where it almost happens. Much of the difficulty with the tracks that might have made it is that they suffer from excess, as though Winter couldn't trust his instincts to leave well enough alone. He piles everything on.

"I'm Yours and I'm Hers" is an example of this overindulgence. The accompaniment consists of two electric guitar parts, one slide (channel A) the other plectrum lead (channel B), plus bass and drums (with the vocal in the center). Now, it's an interesting idea to have parallel guitar parts playing contrapuntally, but the end result here is just so much busyness. The two parts tend to cancel each other out because instead of being complementary, interlocking parts that work together as contrapuntal voices they pretty much attempt the same thing, with only the minor variations resulting from their not being played perfectly together. If we assume that the slide part was the basic accompaniment, then the other just muddies up the texture because it doesn't add anything significant (not even parallel voicing) but merely duplicates, with an excess of decoration, what the slide has laid down. Though the tune is credited to Winter, an almost identical piece, "She's Mine, She's Yours," was recorded by Jimmy Rushing for King Records seventeen years ago.

The same over-busyness mars the version of Robert Johnson's "When You Got a Good Friend" and again the problem is a two-guitar accompaniment for which no real part has been worked out. An imaginative but unobtrusive bass-guitar part would have been far more successful than the two lead parts—neither of which is properly a lead. It's too frantic. "Dallas," on the other hand, works out well. The accompaniment is a single slide guitar line, played on the National. The piece suggests several of Johnson's song accompaniments but perhaps the major source is his "Terra-Plane Blues," though Winter's playing is not as tightly focused as it was on the Sonobeat "Broke Down Engine," which also used a Johnson-styled accompaniment. This one is a bit sloppy rhythmically and the texture somewhat thick. But, all in all, the best performance in this style on the album. If this is the 13th take, as the spoken introduction suggests, it might go a long way to explaining the rhythmic stiffness.

The same rhythm difficulties plague the trio version of "Leland Mississippi Blues" (Winter's birthplace), with an accompaniment based on Muddy Waters' "All Night Long." Winter gets into Waters' guitar style nicely playing strongly and with feeling, but a rhythmic sluggishness creeps into the last half of the cut and the piece never quite recovers. "Mean Mistreater," with Walter Norton on harmonica and Willie Dixon on acoustic bass, is a fairly successful evocation of early Fifties Muddy. The guitar playing is authentic, true to the Waters rubric, fairly inventive, and the amplifier sound properly funky. A good, gutty performance marred only by an inaudible,

badly distorted vocal. This is such a distinguishing feature of most of Winter's blues sides that I wonder if it represents a conscious artistic choice. If he feels vocals lack muscle, the answer is not to mix them in at a barely audible level but to use a number of recording techniques to help beef them up.

"Be Careful with a Fool" is in fairly conventional modern guitar style—fast, supercharged playing accompanied by bass, drums and an occasional overdubbed guitar line. A good bit of excitement is generated—particularly in the second and third guitar choruses—but much of this is superficial, the result of speed in execution rather than substantial, musically logical improvised lines. The first chorus burns itself out; starting with a blistering barrage of notes, fast as hell, Winter stops dead when he runs out of steam and realizes he's at a dead-end. He recovers and takes a little more care with the two choruses that follow. Vocal is okay, but again under-recorded.

"Good Morning Little School Girl," the old Sonny Boy Williamson song but here credited to "D. Level-B. Love," whoever they may be, gets a solid performance from Winter, instrumentally and vocally. Unfortunately, we are treated to a horn accompaniment that is unnecessary on several counts: the arrangement is woefully unimaginative and played sloppily in the bargain; moreover, it just gets in the way of the guitar part, which is a very inventive, exciting accompaniment when the horns don't obscure it, which is most of the time.

That brings us to "I'll Drown in My (Own) Tears," on which the horns are also present. Doing this was a mistake, pure and simple, and a classic example of sending a boy to do a man's job. Winter should have known better. A flyweight, no matter how agile, is no match for a heavyweight champion, and if you think this simile excessive, just listen to the two recordings. The horns here are fine but, then, they offer a literal recreation of the horn arrangement on the Ray Charles original. The fact that they are well recorded and mixed at a decent level suggests—to me at least—that someone was justifiably self-conscious about their participation on "School Girl" and mixed them in at a very low level. No guitar on this track, but effective gospel piano from Edgar Winter and, at the end, barely adequate vocal support from a chick vocal trio, which just escapes being amateurish.

And that's it. Now that the first album's out of the way and, hopefully, much of the pressure off, perhaps Winter can relax a bit and serve up some of the strong stuff of which he's proven himself capable. Take it easy, Johnny, and learn to trust your instincts. They were right at least half of the time on the Sonobeat LP. PETE WELDING



Paradise Bar and Grill, Mad River (Capitol ST-185)

Well, Mad River had another chance, and I sure am glad, not only because they deserved it, but because they used the opportunity so well. Their new album, while not perfect, is far less pretentious, and much more musical than their previous effort. This is probably due in no small part to finding a producer, ex-Youngblood Jerry Corbitt, who understands them.

Let me get the complaints out of the way first. In the middle of the first side is "Leave Me Stay," a seven-minute amorphous atonal epic which sounds like it might have been left over from the first album, except it wasn't. The small effort involved in lifting one's tonearm and skipping this cut is well rewarded. There's also "They Brought Sadness," a shorter song in the same vein at the beginning of the second side, which, it seems, is a leftover. This too is easily avoided.

The rest of the album is superb. The most notable improvement over the last album is the inclusion of several excel-

lent acoustic guitar pieces. Dave Robinson's "Harly Magnum," sort of a chromatic fantasia on a country blues theme, is a remarkable show of dexterity. Robinson also wrote the guitar duet which backs Brautigan's poem "Love's Not the Way to Treat a Friend," and the duet matches the tone of the poem exactly—light, airy, and a trifle obscure. Rick Bockner's "Equinox" is a sort of passacaglia, crisply performed in duet with himself. The electric guitar work is better, too, and the instrumental "Academy Cemetery" is a tight, rhythmically complex work that does them credit.

Vocally, the band is learning how to employ their resources better. Drummer Greg Dewey has a fine raunchy voice, and he carries off "Copper Plates" (the first rock and roll song about the "gentleman's crime" of counterfeiting) and "Revolution's in My Pockets" in fine style. This last song is the high point of the album, with a fine brass arrangement, a catchy chorus, and Ron Wilson's congas adding a final touch. Laurence Hammond is learning how to sound moody without being maudlin, and his voice works well in the title song ("If I ever was welcome/ Where weary angels dwell/ I could not find the number of/ The Paradise Bar and Grill"), and on Carl Oglesby's brooding "Cherokee Queen." Incidentally, if all Oglesby's songs are this good, it's probably just as well that SDS lost him—the man's more poet than politico.

All in all, a worthy effort from a band with a great deal of potential. I eagerly await their next one. EDMUND O. WARD



The Street Giveth and the Street Taketh Away, Cat Mother and the All Night Newsboys (Polydor 24-4001)

This is the kind of set that makes all the hours and money spent on useless, pretentious Art Rock so worthwhile. Because when you buy a record like this one you know that for all the queasy byways you've navigated in search of the real thing you're Home Free again. What we have here, as with all the best (meaning most listenable) groups, is just a bunch of cats, relaxed, enthusiastic and unselfconsciously aware of their heritage, laying down some good wailing feeling sounds. And the thing that you perhaps dig most about it is that it won't submit to typification by school—it's not White Nigger Electric Blues, it's not gossamer eclectically-derivative Cultured Rock, nor cheery Buckskin Boys spooning out shit-kickin' steel guitar licks. The only way to classify it is to say that it is, for once, Rock and Roll, with everything the name implies and stands for. To be sure, there is more than a little eclecticism apparent here, but the idiomatic synthesis and the experimentation of the music is all subsidiary to its function as Rock, which function is the delivery of rhythmic, throbbing waves of sound chuck full of good feelings.

For all their talent and inspiration as musicians, it is impossible to speculate whether Cat Mother will ever make a permanent contribution to rock and roll. It doesn't matter. It is often these non-innovative, journeymen groups who put out the most comfortable and consistently listenable sounds. They don't feel compelled to try so hard, to reach so far, to maintain mythic reputations—thus, the music of bands like Cat Mother and, say, Black Pearl often shows considerably less strain and a good deal more excitement than the recent work of such "giants" as the Beatles, the Airplane, and even the Stones.

Cat Mother both celebrates its union with its jukebox heritage and transcends it. The album opens with "Good Old Rock 'n' Roll," a medley of several classic pieces ("Long, Tall Sally," "Chantilly Lace," etc.) that simultaneously honors the songs as magnificent artifacts and impresses upon us that they are just as vital and exciting today as they ever were. The real music doesn't change so

much, after all; it is merely elaborated on, while the purveyors of perverted bastardizations fill each season with self-aggrandizing manifestoes and heavy-handed "concept" albums.

The point to which the real traditions have evolved today can be seen in "How I Spent My Summer," a piece which strikes the listener immediately with its structural perfection—like some of Traffic's best work ("Medicated Goo," say), all the song's components flow as logically as breathing, the kind of music that seems that it would have existed whether it was created or not, in the wind, in the streets, so close is it to the spontaneous rhythms of life. And the point here is that this spirit of joy is essentially the same, for all subtleties gained, in 1969 as it was in 1956.

"Can You Dance To It?" affirms once again, atop a great chugging funk beat, the perennial Rock and Roll tradition: "If you feel alright/ You know you're gonna dance, dance, dance all night!" Right! Some of those zombies seen slumping around at rock concerts trying to maintain their cynical, bored cool should be forced to listen to this song again and again until they get the message, the original and essential message of our music, which is: "Shake yo' asses, people!"

"Probably Won't" is the pinnacle of the album, a steamer building on a powerful piano riff reminiscent of Jerry Lee Lewis at his best, dancing funk-stomps on the keyboard while tossing off joyously ironic lyrics with the effortless buoyance of the stone professional. And that fadeout is a gasser—country guitar riffs springing all around while the singer whistles his way out the door like a gleeful kid strolling handsapockets off down the street.

There are some albums that take a while to get into, because you don't know quite what to make of them at first, but which reveal deep vistas of complex beauty with repeated listenings. There are other albums which knock your head off the first time you hear them, but pall later on as you begin to see that their excitement is superficial. This is one of those rare albums which knocks you out the very first time you hear it, but sustains itself as well, by virtue of its honest exuberance, lucid musical sensibility, and propulsive drive. You'll find yourself playing it again and again, no uncertain Am-I-in-the-mood-for-this now deliberations, just a smiling Presence, a place to go which is always comfortable, waiting there for another exhilarating ride whenever the spirit moves you. LESTER BANGS



An Evening With Wild Man Fischer, Larry Fischer (Bizarre-Reprise 2 RS 6332)

"Merry-Go, Merry Go, Merry-Go-Round, Boop Boop Boop..." "David! I don't know what's wrong with Larry!! He's in his room singing again! What I am I going to do!"

"Why don't you commit him?" "Great idea!"

Thus it happened that Larry "Wild Man" Fischer, street singer known to thousands of people in Los Angeles and San Francisco, was committed to "back-to-back mental institutions" in 1963 and 1965. His crime? The composition and public performance of simple rock and roll songs much like those which you and I make up as we drive along the highway on lonely nights. Such songs inevitably turn out to be tunes we've innocently lifted from the Beatles, Drifters or some long forgotten hit. But we sing them with an exuberance which almost convinces us that we've written them ourselves.

All of Larry's songs are like this. "Merry-Go-Round," "Federal Bureau of Narcotics," "The Leaves Are Falling" and his other "original" songs are peculiar amalgams and bits and pieces of popular music from the last fifteen years.



In a typical Fischer song the skeleton of an old Coasters thing is draped with flesh from a recent single by the Stones and made to walk to the beat of "Mr. Bassman." BA-BA-BOW-BOW-BOW... with Larry unaccompanied doing the lead singer's part, rhythm section, back-up chorus and forty piece orchestra all simultaneously. If rock and roll has an insane subconscious, Larry Fischer is its voice in our time.

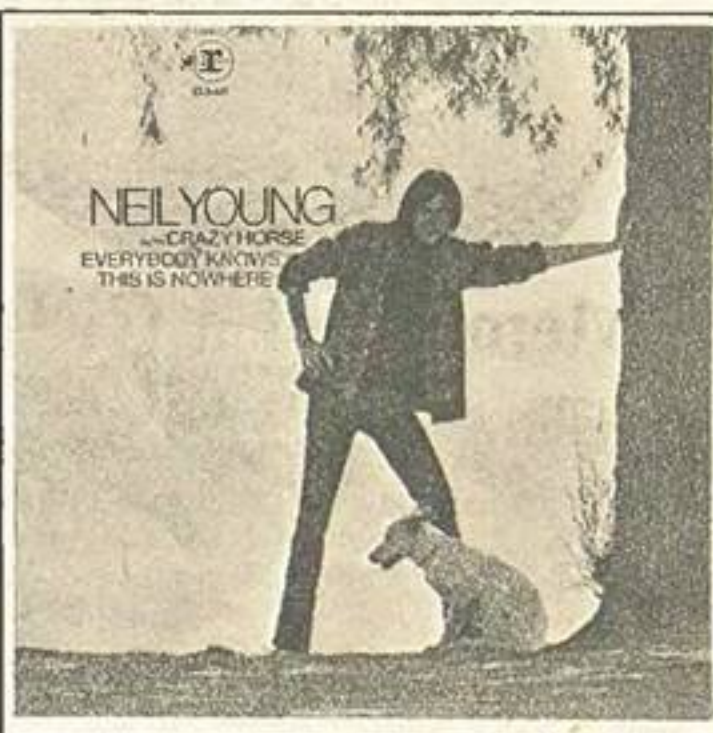
I sincerely want to recommend the Frank Zappa-produced *Evening With Wild Man Fischer* to you, but I'll have to be careful how I do it. By any current standards of musical taste, it is simply terrible. By most of our criteria of socially acceptable behavior, it is clearly demented. But give the record a chance. Like the *Lenny Bruce Berkeley Concert* which Zappa also produced, it is an extraordinary document containing some unprecedented testimony about the Sixties. This two-record set accomplishes something which I would have thought impossible. It captures the total being of one strange member of the human community.

This is not to say that people ought to buy the album and put it in a time capsule for release to later generations. There is much in it that is fascinating right now. Some of the cuts—"Circle," "The Taster" and "Merry-Go-Round" as accompanied by the Mothers—are actually fun to listen to. The "hype" by Larry's friends telling how the Beatles will be forced to yield their throne to the new rock idol is a smashing parody. Larry's own explanations of his songs and life history astound one with their flashes of insight. Be prepared for extremes of humor, sadness, pity and genuine uneasiness.

Side four especially might be considered a minor classic of sorts. In addition to Larry's discourse on his encounters with school principals, bosses and his nagging mother over his habit of singing everywhere, the side contains the most delightful musical surprise since Mozart's "Musical Joke." The conclusion of the album, a discussion between Zappa and Fischer about the past, is one of the few authentically sad moments in the history of records.

When I first met Larry in 1966 he irritated me terribly. Always singing. Always talking. I thought he was mad. One evening I got fed up with it all and threw him out of my apartment telling him never to grace my door again. Immediately, I was set upon by two angry roommates who began yelling at me that I'd been cruel. I recognized that they were right. After that I always gave Larry a quarter rather than a dime for one of his "original" songs.

Perhaps that experience with Larry was a microcosm of his relation to society. If this is so, there are a lot of people who should ask themselves, "Who after all is the insane one?" And then buy this remarkable record. LANGDON WINNER



*Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere*, Neil Young with Crazy Horse (Reprise RS 6349)

Neil Young does not have the kind of "good" voice that would bring praise from a high school music teacher. But you only have to listen to Judy Collins mangle "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues" to realize that rock and roll does not flourish because of "good" voices. The best rock vocals (for example, those of Mick Jagger or Richard Manuel) are usually gritty or even harsh. Negating a formula prettiness, they push forward the unique temperament of the singer ("It's the singer, not the song"—Mick Jagger). Such vocals can never function as background music; they demand that you listen to them and feel them. Their essence is their intensity—and in light of that intensity the products of "good" voices usually sound pallid and dead.

While Neil Young is a fine songwriter

and an excellent guitarist, his greatest strength is in his voice. Its arid tone is perpetually mournful, without being maudlin or pathetic. It hints at a world in which sorrow underlies everything; even a line like "you can't conceive of the pleasure in my smile" (from "I am a Child") ultimately becomes painful to hear. And because that world is recognizable to most of us, Young's singing is often strangely moving. In a natural and moving way, Neil Young is the Johnny Ray of rock and roll.

*Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere* is Young's second album since the demise of the Buffalo Springfield. In several respects it falls short of his previous effort. Young's new material is a little disappointing; nothing on this album touches the aching beauty of "If I Could Have Her Tonight" and "I've Loved Her So Long" or the quiet terror of "The Old Laughing Lady." His guitar work also suffers by comparison; the lyricism of the first album can only be found in faint traces here. But despite its shortcomings, *Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere* offers ample rewards. Young's music partially makes up for its lack of grace by its energy and its assurance. And his singing is still superb. Listen, for example, to the conviction which he gives to the title cut, a song about the need for and the impossibility of escape from Los Angeles.

The most interesting tracks on the album are "Running Dry" and "Cowgirl in the Sand." Building on a traditional folk melody, "Running Dry" interweaves electric guitar and violin into a disquieting blend. Its aura of strangeness is somewhat reminiscent of Young's magnificent "Out of My Mind." The lyrics are a bit over-dramatic, but the music and vocal manage to transcend them, creating the feeling of a dimly understood tragedy.

On "Cowgirl in the Sand" everything works. The lyrics are quietly accusative, while the lead guitar, alternately soaring, piercing, and driving, keeps the song surging forward. But it is Young's singing which is the real key to the success of this track. "Cowgirl in the Sand" demonstrates quite clearly the peculiar depths of Young's voice. It indicates how rock manages, again and again, to triumph over high school music teachers and their legions.

BRUCE MIROFF



*Ronnie Hawkins (Roulette R 25078)*  
*Mr. Dynamo*, Ronnie Hawkins and the Hawks (Roulette R 25102)

Ronnie Hawkins came down out of the Ozarks, and after gigging with Carl Perkins and Harold Jenkins (later Conway Twitty), he decided he wanted to become a star. The man with the big cigar wasn't around at the time, though, so in 1958, with the help of a few homeboys like Levon Helm, Ronnie got the Hawks together and hit the road to stardom. Dig him, if you can: "Mohair Sam" black suit, black pumps, white on white shirt, white tie—wopbaloobop-balopbamboom!

Though Chuck Berry's "Forty Days" was his first hit, Hawkins, unlike most of the public relations artifacts of his day, wrote most of his own material, often with the aid of Helm and later Robbie Robertson. While Hawkins' first LP *Ronnie Hawkins* (1959) includes his two biggest hits, "Mary Lou" ("She took my Cadillac car") and "Forty Days" (easily available in oldies shops or \$1.25 each by mail from House of Oldies, 267 Bleeker St., N.Y., N.Y., 10014), as well as "Odessa" (see interview with Hawkins in this issue), it's on the second LP, *Mr. Dynamo*, that Ronnie and the Hawks come into their own as one of the very best of the early rock and roll bands. They just might have been the best.

By 1960 Hawkins had developed into a fluid, sensual vocalist with an unparalleled flair for carrying a melody

over a fast tempo. Ronnie's excellence notwithstanding, what truly distinguishes this recording is the imagination and sophistication of the sidemen. Unlike most "group" recordings of the day, which were made with session men, this was a band, whipped into shape by Hawkins himself, and the ease with which they'd move into an instrumental and the excitement they generated when they really hit their groove showed the difference. The Hawks seemed to have a perfect feel for each other's strengths and weaknesses, playing with the timing of Nashville studio musicians and the enthusiasm of young kids.

Often they'd augment their usual instrumentation of bass, guitar, piano and drums with sax, a strong vibrant organ, or a high trick female voice which produced a sound something like Dylan's police whistle on *Highway 61 Revisited*. Helm's drumming is extraordinary for 1960—he never misses a chance to move in on his own, setting up the guitarist for tense, snappy lines that are irresistible in their impact, always keeping complete control over his small drum kit, just as he does today.

Many of the band's best arrangements, as on the spooky "Southern Love," are close to those of Dion and the Belmonts, the musicians backing Hawkins with deep, insistent vocal riffing. They'd set two riffs against each other—"Wild little Willie, wild little Willie" vs. "Oh-dooby-doo (bump-bump), oh-dooby-doo (bump-bump)"—and the tough masculinity of their sound, as contrasted to the usual rock and roll falsetto, gave their choruses a special impact. Probably their best job in this vein is "Someone Like You," a song with snappy Latin beat, a song that flows just like wine out of a bottle.

And drummer Levon Helm—why doesn't he write more songs these days? Levon Helm was the author, all by himself, of "You Cheated (You Lied)," a superb cut on *Mr. Dynamo*, later a Number One record by the Shields. Before you dismiss these records as some sort of dreary nostalgia, instead of searching through old shops or writing to Roulette Records for them, think about this: Levon Helm reached more people with more impact with "You Cheated" than the Band has with *Music From Big Pink*, just as "My Generation," as Pete Townshend says, had more impact than all of *Tommy*. Maybe the solution is for the Band to re-record "You Cheated" and get back on Top 40. That's one way of bringing it all back home—and they might just bring Ronnie Hawkins back with them.

GRIEL MARCUS



*Beck-Ola*, The Jeff Beck Group (Epic BN 26478)

This is a brilliant album, dense in texture, full of physical and nervous energy, equally appealing to mind and body. There is a guiding intelligence which enables these five excellent, assertive musicians to work with and not against each other. The group benefits from the addition of Nicky Hopkins, the most perfect of rock pianists (although his playing is sometimes over-shadowed by the electrical *sturm und drang* around him, something of an occupational hazard for pianists). Ron Wood's very prominent bass provides the rhythmic background of the album, and Tony Newman's drumming is solid and wonderfully varied, especially on "Spanish Boots" and "Plyth." Rod Stewart's voice is a little high and raspy, but this is a matter of personal taste; the singing itself is emotive, displaying a good grasp of blues-rock singing technique. The rasp, in fact, is somehow appropriate; it's really the vocal equivalent of electric distortion.

Beck himself, of course, is the star. His playing doesn't quite have the excel-

lence and logic of Clapton, but his ideas are unsurpassed. Outside of Jorma of the Airplane, Beck plays the most unpredictable guitar lines in rock, yet manages to combine them with a heavy blues feeling. He is capable of enormous speed and precision, yet his technique is almost always in service to a fertile, bizarre imagination. Listen to the eastern, Arab quality of his playing on the Yardbird's "Heart Full of Soul" and "Over Under Sideways Down." Beck miraculously manages to adapt this quality to a straight blues—the most obvious case being "Let Me Love You" on *Truth*—a very unlikely fusion.

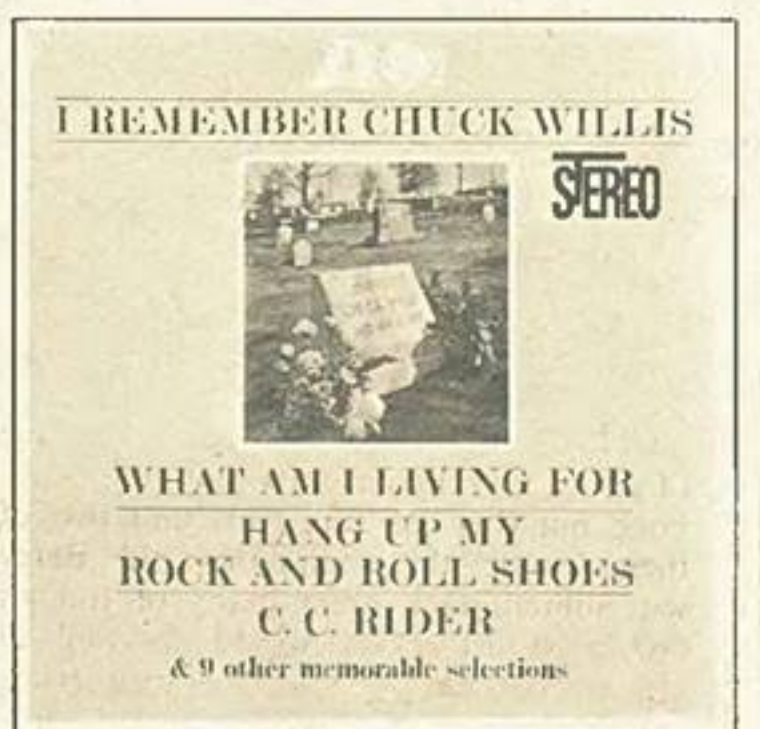
Much is made of Beck's egotism (in concert he will interrupt a song to play, by himself, Earl Scrugg's "Beverly Hillbillies Breakdown"), but really, he has the resources to support it.

*Truth*, the other Beck album, contained individually outstanding cuts, particularly some ingenious reworking of traditional blues, but the entire album was not so much good or bad as patchy. "Greensleeves" and "Ol' Man River" came across as fillers, and another cut was an old B-side. *Beck-Ola* has greater esthetic unity, but the problem of working up material still remains. The new album has only seven cuts (five of which are original) and a playing time of under thirty minutes.

*Beck-Ola* includes two oldies, "All Shook Up" and "Jailhouse Rock." While Beck throws in a little new-fangled feedback on the latter, the original echo, sounding very campy by now, is preserved for Stewart's voice. This cut contains the strongest vocal performance of the album (Stewart's best singing altogether is on a very soulful number called "Drinking Again," which for some reason is not on the album). The Beck Group's "Jailhouse Rock" boils with all the virulence the Fifties could muster. There's a change of pace with "Girl From Mill Valley"—a lovely, wistful gospel tune written by Hopkins, which towards the end teeters unfortunately on the edge of Mancini-land. The addition of a vocal part would have made it even better.

The last cut, "Rice Pudding," is teeming with ideas. There's lots of rhythmic interest and a driving, syncopated riff which is returned to regularly as if for recharging when the semi-improvisations start to wear thin. There is the same kind of mood control, even metabolic control, which the Stones displayed on cuts like "The Last Time." In the middle of the finale, the tape is cut, leaving the listener hanging unmercifully in the group's thrall until the release of the next album.

BEN GERSON



*I Remember Chuck Willis* (Atlantic 8079)

Every once in a while something happens that reminds one of the incalculable contribution Atlantic Records has made to rock and roll and rhythm and blues. From the intensely personal declaration of the album's title to its fourteen graceful songs, all but one written by Willis himself, *I Remember Chuck Willis* illuminates once again the vision of the men who founded Atlantic Records and the taste and care they have shown in maintaining the spirit of their enterprise.

Chuck Willis, who died in 1958 after an extremely brief career, was known as "The King of the Stroll," a title that referred to a Fifties dance that was popular principally because it was a good ice-breaker at parties—you had to line everyone up and switch partners to do it. News of Willis' death was announced on Dick Clark's *American Bandstand*. It seems odd to recall this vital, sensitive artist in such a way, but those were the Fifties, and those somewhat trashy events are the keys to Fifties memories, keys



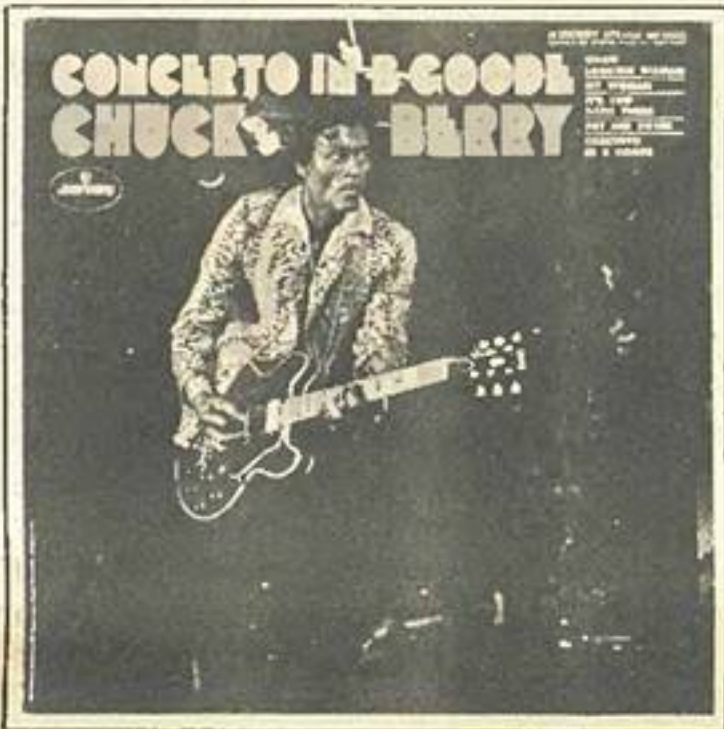
that, in the case of Chuck Willis, open doors to music that is as poignant and satisfying as any in rhythm and blues.

Willis' biggest hits were "What Am I Living For" and "C.C. Rider." On Willis' version of the latter, rippling vibes accompanied a vocal similar to Joe Turner's or Bob Dylan's "Corinne, Corinna." While Willis' sense of the blues was close to that of Turner, he sang with a greater delicacy, with an almost fragile touch. At times, as on "Big Drops of Rain," Willis would front an especially deft arrangement reminiscent of the Platters with the yearning and the vocal control of Clyde McPhatter. He could put laughter in his voice like Fats Domino and belt and shout like Lloyd Price. I don't mean to imply that Willis was excessively imitative—rather it's a matter of conveying the range of his talent. He covered the entire spectrum of early rhythm and blues in a manner that seemed effortless.

There are no poor cuts on this album, no throwaways, but Willis' fine "(I Don't Want To) Hang Up My Rock and Roll Shoes" is a special treat. Full of teenage blood and guts, Willis shouts out the eternal verities, saying it as well as anyone ever did: "That music's got a beat/ That will keep you alive/ The kids are rock and rollin'/ From eight to twenty-five!" Willis rides it on in.

As the "rock and roll revival" moves off into absurdity (even the Electric Prunes, resting up for their try at a rock version of *Faust*, have released a package called *Good Old Rock and Roll*), there are many oldies albums to choose from. Don't hesitate. This is the one to buy fans.

GREIL MARCUS



*Concerto in B Goode*, Chuck Berry (Mercury SR 61223)

The Master is back again, and this time he has come up with a record worthy of his reputation. So many grivous geniuses—Elvis, Little Richard, and Bo Diddley—have turned stiff in their old age. That's why it's a double delight to find Berry, the original poet and scribe of rock and roll, who in many life-worshipping ways exceeded his Minnesota son-in-law, as fresh and as effortlessly committed today as he ever was.

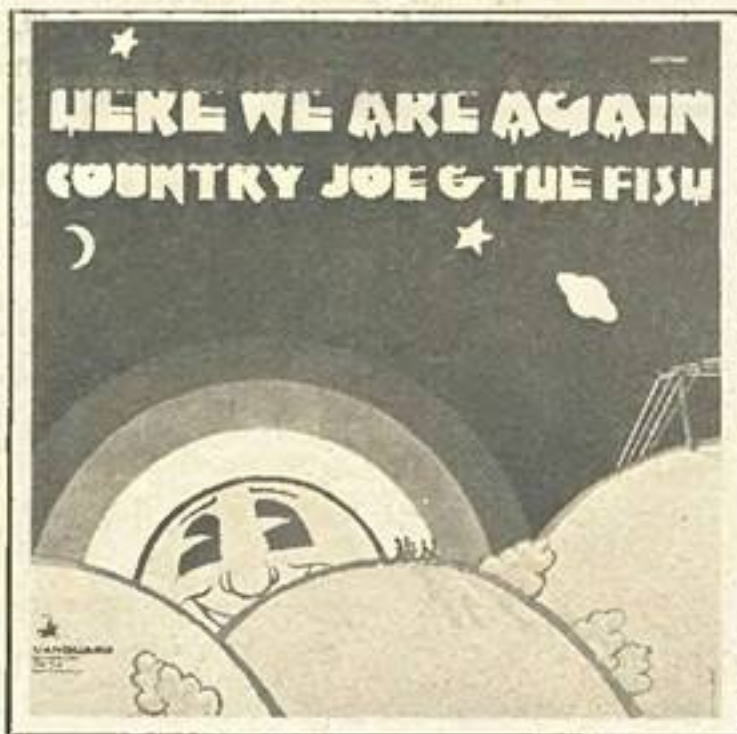
The first side of this album includes four of his recent compositions. You won't get tired of them. They don't relate to Sixties dope-balling, or the feel of police truncheons crunching into skull-bone but they do ring true, and two of them exude the marvelous old Berry wit, something a great many of today's owl-faced artrockers would do well to pick up on. Rock is an ailing form without its sense of humor, and Chuck Berry defined a whole comic sensibility. He has not lost that gift: "It's Too Dark In Here" tells the story of a sheltered chick who finds danger wherever her date takes her, from the party where "there's 'bout forty people dancing under one dim light" to the back seat of the luckless swain's car ("So I drive her out the freeway into the country air/ She said I hope you ain't goin' park nowhere around here/ It's dark out there/ Let's go back in town/ It's dark out there").

Two of the numbers are slow, rolling blues vocals in Berry's great "Deep Feeling" style. Both are good funky slow-stomps, sunk with that beautiful, unmistakably original blues feel (remember "Wee Wee Hours"? "Worried Life Blues"?). which is one of Berry's trademarks. The harmonica player sounds like he's been listening to Brian Jones and Keith Relf of the Yardbirds, meaning that he exudes not only technical proficiency but taste and imagination. The double-tracked guitars wail and moan like two lonesome Texas banshees reeling in and out of the historic American beerjoint night. That's mournful as the Berry of the yearning lament always was.

It's the Real Blues the purists are always yapping about.

The entirety of side two is given over to "Concerto in B Goode," an eighteen-minute flood of instrumental interpolations on Johnny B. Goode and all of his relatives. For all the thematic and improvisatory repetition, you can't help but dig it, because it's so happy, driving, and exuberant, everflowing with the spirit of life joyously lived—the essential spirit of our music. Dig that organ: Dave "Baby" Cortez lives again! Berry's guitar lines are clear and clean, as amiable and enthusiastic and uncluttered as they were in his two-minute folk epics of 1956 like "Jo Jo Gun." For a man who has always been derided by snobs as a "guitar mechanic," Berry plays with a natural energy and sense of direction that one never finds in the solos of last year's crop of overblown "jazz-rock" supergroups. On and on and on flows Chuck Berry, duckwalking his great Gibson guitar down the cluttered corridors of rock history. I suspect he'll still be wailing wisely when the current crop of overpublicized Sensations have faded with their forerunners back into the obscure footnotes of the chronicle of our art.

LESTER BANGS



*Here We Are Again*, Country Joe and the Fish (Vanguard VSD-79299)

Berkeley has always been the Freak Capital of the Western world. The University of California has long been noted for its political militants, and the Telegraph Avenue area immediately to the south has been a favorite stomping ground for every kind of social deviant imaginable. In recent years, the separate philosophies and life styles of the two groups have been coming closer and closer together, producing a "Let's get stoned and blow up the ROTC Building" attitude.

It's one of the few cities anywhere that could have spawned a band like Country Joe and the Fish. Whether it was a sunny afternoon in the park, a demonstration, a dance, or just a noon concert on campus, the Fish were Berkeley's house band. When their first album came out, all the record stores had big inflatable fish hanging in their windows, and you could hear the whole thing just by walking down the street. (You already knew most of it by heart anyway.) And the Fish came through with something for everybody on that album: there was "Bass Strings" for the dopers, "Section 43" for the Eastern mysticism buffs, "Superbird" for the politicians, "Flying High" for the vagabonds, and seven more songs with the distinctive Fish flair. It was good time music, Berkeley style.

*Here We Are Again* is not good time music. It is not even good music. In fact, it is an unmitigated disaster. The Fish have augmented their usual instrumentation with horns and some very syrupy violins; the result is pure schmaltz.

The only praiseworthy cut on the album is "Crystal Blues," a depressing song about a chick strung out on speed. It has a good blues feel, but, more importantly, it's sufficiently original not to come out sounding like somebody memorized his favorite bluesman's best licks and then went into a studio. The song is the only one on the album which provides Berry with a vehicle to take off on one of his tantalizing guitar runs.

The rest of the album, though, is the most disappointing thing that's happened to me in a long time. Instead of the brilliant satire of "Superbird" or "I Feel Like I'm Fixin' To Die," the only political statement comes on "Maria." It's based on a reversal of the concept of "Letter to My Teenage Son." I had nightmares about "Patches" and "Tell Laura I Love Her" the night after I heard it.

I'd like to think "Baby, You're Driving Me Crazy," "I'll Survive," and "My Girl" are takeoffs on the Beatles' Thirties period music, but I fear the Fish take them

quite seriously. And "It's So Nice to Have Love" sounds like Frank Sinatra trying to reach a "wider audience."

It would be too simple to say that the Fish merely experimented with something they didn't understand (strings and horns) and failed. The failure is much more than that: the songs themselves are lifeless, and the band just went through the motions of recording them. I always liked the band when it sounded like Country Joe and the Fish, but if they want to sound like the Fifth Dimension, they'll have to get some better Fifth Dimension material and learn how to play it right.

JOHN MORTHLAND



*Unfinished Music No. 2: Life With the Lions*, John Lennon and Yoko Ono (Zapple ST-3357)

*Electronic Sounds*, George Harrison (Zapple ST-3358)

The scene is tiny Judson Hall on 57th Street near Carnegie Hall. The time is about five years ago. It is intermission at the New York Avant-Garde Festival's night of experimental films, and the audience drifts about talking to the filmmakers, examining photographs of recent Happenings in Amsterdam and Tokyo, watching Nam June Paik's robot march stiffly around the room, and trying to find the restrooms. Several card tables have been set up in the back of the hall where some people are selling their wares. Among these people is a retiring, rather dumpy-looking Japanese woman named Yoko Ono. Some recognize her as associated with Fluxus, a New York aggregation of artists which was at its worst at a rather trivial attempt at neodadaism, and at its best a haven for such inventive people as George Brecht, Joe Jones, and Alison Knowles. At this time, Miss Ono was best known as an author of Happenings, and on her card table she had two items for sale: a recording of snow falling in Yokohama at three dollars a foot, and a collection of her Happenings—which make nice poems even if they are a bit obscure as stage directions—called *Grapefruit*.

Well, now Yoko has a brand new fruit—Apple. She and John were right in there in the first batch of releases trying to pass themselves off as saints or virgins or artists or something. Then Apple went through some financial difficulties, and announced the formation of a new low-priced label called Zapple, to be used for experimental and spoken-word recordings. "If we'd thought of it in time, we'd have released *Two Virgins* on Zapple," they said. And then came the ads in the trade magazines: Zapple was born. And a little thing in the price schedule, cleverly disguised in shillings, which said in effect that there would be three price ranges: low, medium, and regular. And the first two released would be regular price, of course. You weren't really expecting Bargain Beatles, now, were you?

Well, here they are, folks. The first two Zapples, a logical extension of the Beatle sweatshirts, wigs, and fan magazines of the Beatlemania period, packaged for an audience that considers itself too hip and turned-on for that kind of a shuck. Instead, they buy these things and go home and get good and loaded and nod their heads uncomprehendingly. Yeah. Freaky. Heavy. As I write, both of these albums are on Billboard's LP charts. P. T. Barnum is alive and well at 3 Savile Row, London, W. 1.

*Life With the Lions* is utter bullshit, and perhaps a bit in poor taste. There is absolutely nothing on it to justify the expenditure of four bucks. Oh, wait—there is, too. One of the cuts on side two is called "Two Minutes Silence," and it is just that. Not only is it a much-needed respite from the rest of the record, but it is also useful for checking the amount of rumble caused by your turntable's motor. See any hi-fi manual for instructions.

But the rest of the album is totally repulsive. Side one consists of a thing called "Cambridge, 1969," performed at an avant-garde concert there in March. If I remember the reviews, most of the audience left during this number, and who wouldn't—the piece consists of Yoko screaming for twenty-six minutes, for chrissakes, sounding like a severely retarded child being tortured. John contributes random guitar feedback. One is left with a sick feeling and the impression that Yoko is completely mad. Side two has four cuts, "recorded on a cassette at Queen Charlotte Hospital, Second West Ward, Room 1, London, England, 4th/25th November, 1968." They are more or less home movies, but why they think we're interested is beyond me.

"No Bed for Beatle John" has Yoko aimlessly singing the words to a press release about John's vigil in the hospital while Yoko was pregnant. In the background one can faintly detect John singing, in counterpoint, what seems to be another press release, although the only time Yoko shuts up long enough to let us hear him, he's singing about Yoko being named in his divorce "suite." "Baby's Heartbeat" is five minutes of gurgling sounds made by putting the microphone on Yoko's belly to pick up the baby's heartbeat. The two minutes of silence follow, blessing of blessings, and then the listener is in for "Radio Play," twelve minutes of someone in the hospital playing with a radio, turning it ON-off, ON-off, until one is tempted to yell in the direction of the hi-fi: "Would you quit fucking with that thing before I go up the wall?" After that, merciful God, the record is over.

George Harrison is a consummate musician, as *Wonderwall Music* clearly shows, and he's done quite well learning his way around his new Moog Synthesizer in such a short time, but he's still got a way to go. *Electronic Sounds* is fair enough as a beginning effort, and although one can imagine George sending tapes of it to his friends, it is hardly musical product. The textures presented are rather mundane, there is no use of dynamics for effect, and the works don't show any cohesiveness to speak of. However, if he's this good now, with diligent experimentation he ought to be up there with the best in short order.

But if the Beatles want my four bucks, they'd better quit this shuck and stick to rock and roll.

EDMUND O. WARD



## Memory of a Girl

BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

I cannot look at the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company building without thinking of her breasts. The building is at Presidio and California Streets in San Francisco. It is a red brick, blue and glass building that looks like a minor philosophy plopped right down on the site of what was once one of California's most famous cemeteries:

Laurel Hill Cemetery  
1854-1946.

Eleven United States Senators were buried there.

They, and everybody else were moved out years ago, but there are still some tall cypress trees standing beside the insurance company.

These trees once cast their shadows over graves. They were a part of daytime weeping and mourning, and nighttime silence except for the wind.

I wonder if they ask themselves questions like: Where did everybody go who was dead? Where did they take them? And where are those who came here to visit them? Why were we left behind?

Perhaps these questions are too poetic. Maybe it would be best just to say: There are four trees standing beside an insurance company out in California.



## Newport Hassle

—Continued from Page 10

swung as best they could. Likewise cerebral pianist Herbie Hancock and Latin jazzist Willie Bobo. Buddy Rich, announced as a Fillmore East star, without mention that he was booed there, did a long drum solo and was rewarded with a good hand from both sides.

The slumbers straightened up when the Savage Rose, straight from kinky Denmark, swayed on. Three fur rugs had been slapped on stage first. Drummer Alex Riel, who had appeared in Newport last year with a jazz group, was accompanied this year by an organ, a piano, harpsichord, two guitars and bush-haired vibrato Anisette. Described by one startled observer as a cross between Tammy Grimes and Janis Joplin, and by another as early Julie Driscoll, Anisette wiped up the stage, nipples abounce, awash and abundant, closing with a gravelly-gusty message song "My Family is Gay."

Stirred up, the audience was ready to give attention to B.B. King and Johnny Winter who, after separate sets, joined for a tough jam with much fraternal black slapping, whispering and bending over backwards to appreciate each other. Midway through the program, the main gates were opened for whoever wanted to come in. A free show! Except that by this point, nobody really cared much. The crowd on the hillside overlooking the crowd stayed put and prone. Led Zeppelin came on and brought everybody out of their seats. Lead singer Robert Plant ran amuck and afuck across the stage, a stallion to Mick Jagger's dirty young man, T-shirted and tight trousered for bumps and grinds, working the Robert Johnson bit "squeeze my lemon until the juice runs down by leg," into "You Shook Me," pulling the microphone down between his legs and jamming it into his mouth. Fast, hard, heavy, raunchy, low-down good dirty fun rock and roll. A high up closing.

Mr. Wein was fulminating that the "musical concept is still good. The trouble has to do with a sociological direction. Youth wants to take everything over and we have to determine how we're going to live with them." That was Sunday. By Tuesday it was, from Wein press representative Charlie Bourgeois: "We will never have rock and roll again in Newport. The city council has ruled irrevocably. Well, yes, it was successful, musically. Sociologically, it was objectionable. It brought to bear the forces of destruction. If it hadn't been for the permissiveness of the police there would have been a riot worse than the one we had in 1960. Our feelings were hurt, not to speak of our pocketbooks!"

That was Tuesday. On Wednesday, the festival pocketbook was maimed. Wein was billed for \$50,000 by the Newport City Council to cover the construction of a security fence around festival field and overtime salary for Newport police. Wein agreed to the terms, cancelled the Blind Faith American premier scheduled for Friday night and grimly set about getting everything together for the folk festival to run July 16th-20th.

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### SAN FRANCISCO AREA

CHICK SINGER, 22, looking for orig. material and dynamite lead & bass guitar, drum, organ. Rosemary—392-9649 ext. 610 before 7, SF.

BASSIST/SINGER/harpist/writer, 6 yrs. exp., available in Bay Area. Hard rock. Dave—322-5658, Palo Alto.

CHICK BASSIST seeks serious, soulful, together group to live and work with, who would welcome learning from them. Johanna—642-1507, Berkeley.

SINGER, KEYBOARDS needed for blues/soul rock group. Jim—527-4828, B'kly.

GUITARIST WANTED for all-original band. Any background: into many things. Palo Alto area. Tom—967-1910, Mtn. View.

LEAD RHYTHM guitar wants to join/create group. After 6—221-5788, SF.

GUITARIST/ORGANIST, 24, seeks Bay Area group. Have equip. inc. Hammond, manage equip. Greg—841-1935, Berkeley.

SIXTY SINGERS wanted for new thing in black music at SF Wild West Show. Anybody who can sing—beautiful. 647-8023, SF.

DRUMMER, ORGANIST needed: sing backup, own equip., no draft, willing to work. 373-4253, Monterey.

BASS, DOUBLE on guitar, sing, other instruments just fine. Work now. Call Bob—388-9695, Mill Valley.

COSMIC JOY musicians & composers needed by poems/songs of healing and comfort. Auditions, recordings, celebrations await. 383-3298, 26 Evergreen, Mill Valley.

HARDROCK BAND needs singer. Orig. music, gigs. Must be union or prepared to join. Leonard—664-1348, SF.

ALTO, TENOR sax seeking jazz group in Bay Area. 7 yrs. jazz gigs, music degree. Bob Sweet—863-4142, SF.

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### LOS ANGELES AREA

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ENGLAND, HOLLAND gigs sought by guitarist/composer (sick of US). 20, 8 yrs. on ax (Gibson). Mike Parker—739 Tamar Dr., La Puente.

BASSIST LOOKING for group to gig and record with. Serious only, have contacts. Scott—399-6229, Santa Monica.

BASSIST, SIX yrs., 18., attending UCLA next year. Dig anything with beat. Andy—798-2333, 701½ E. Atchison St., Pasadena.

CHICK SINGER/DRUMMER, far-out primitive style and original material. Portuguese / Hindu / Spanish / English background. Wants serious guitar, flute and Afro-Polynesian second drummer. On-dra Santiago, 7507 Simpson Ave. Apt. 1, North Hollywood.

SEVERAL THOUSAND needed for full prototype music machine with more control, sounds than current elect. synthesizers. Pref. responsible genius willing to record rock/jazz with machine. St. Louis—4812 Libbit, Encino.

### NEW YORK AREA

EXP'D. DRUMMER with together head needed for rock group. Gene—275-3450, Jack—275-0365, Rego Park.

STRONG SINGER, Clayton Thomas preferred, for heavy amp. group. All boroughs. Orig. music, established. Gene Klein—353-1235, nights, NY.

DRUMMER WANTED for music band. Ashley—626-2765, Francis—WE 1-3003, Jericho, NY.

BASSIST NEEDS local gig. Glen—889-2809, 31 Michigan St., Long Beach, NY.

CASADY-LESH style bassist with good equip. wanted. Van—384-4155, Bergenfield, NJ.

GROUPIES WANTED for terrible local rock band going nowhere. Help boost our morale, help us make music. Keith—675-5343, East Orange.

HEAVY BLUES singer & harp looking for band. Own material, have record contracts. Into Beck, Wolf, Winter, Joplin. John Fox—PL 2-4907, NY.

DRUMMER, LEAD singer wanted by blues/improvising guitar & bass, own style. P. Wishengrad—HI 6-5287, 2645 Homecrest Ave., B'klyn.

DRUMMER & BASSIST/Vocal wanted by 2 guitarists, original (?) rock-jazz-blues. 793-4498, SC 3-9826, Eastchester, NY.

PIANIST, ORGANIST (15-16) wanted for non-commercial duo with guitarist. Black white, male or female. Kim Draheim—568-6462, Seneca Falls, NY.

GUITARIST/SINGER/writer, 23, 12 yrs. exp. in rock groups—not "blues heavy"—seeks group. Bill—864-3855, NY.

DRUMMER LOOKING for band of serious, creative musicians in NY area. Bob Wolff—391-9164, Montvale, NJ.

YOUNG MALE singer seeking group, 12-16, dig Plant, Joplin, Beatles. Hugh Jones—Cold Spring-on-Hudson, NY.

CHICK SINGER/writer, very much into music, wanted by recording NYC group. Joe—547-8414 after 10, Bronx.

### EAST COAST

HEAVY VOCALIST/writer, pro, looking for group and/or producer. Galen Rossop — 1-603-926-5250, Lafayette, Rd., Hampton Falls, NH.

EXP'D BASS wants hardrock, blues position in Boston area. Barry—272-3962, Burlington, Mass.

TENOR SINGER (McCartney range) wanted for group, orig. material. Ron—LI 9-5085 after 6, Howard—MI 2-3470, MI 9-3948, Philadelphia.

LEAD GUITARIST, own equip., recording exp., wants to join or form serious fulltime group. Frank—266-3782 (days) Boston, or 623-6652 Somerville, Mass.

### SOUTH

BRASS PLAYER wanted, good head & willing to work. Andy—CE 5-8814, Oklahoma City, Okla.

PRO SITARIST/vocal, American, studied in India with Ravi Shankar disciple. Folk, raga-rock. Paul—422-8829, Hyattsville, Md.

LEAD, BASS guitarists sought by drummer & rhythm gtr./vocalist for tight, versatile blues-jazz-rock group. Tommy Stephens—OL 5-0572, 8622 Starcrest Apt. H6, San Antonio, Texas.

### ELSEWHERE

GUITARIST, ORGANIST, drummer sought for soul group. 20 and over. Darryl Riffero—2403 Fox Ave., Olympia, Wn.

DRUMMER, MODERN blues feeling, seeks people to help bring out creativity. Will travel—James—505 S. Coler, Urbana, Ill.

2 GUITARS, BASS, drums wanted for country rock. Have guitar, harp, material. Write please Malcolm—321 Lincoln Way, Dixon, Ill.

GUITARIST, DRUMMER wanted to form trio—folk/rock, R&B, orig. material. Leon Foy—Tuslog DET. 48-6 APO NY 09324.

ORGANIST REPLACEMENT sought by top midwest Canadian group, lots of future. Bread short, must have head in good place. Jim—525-6962, 2225 Dufferin Rd., Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.

CHICK SINGER, strong voice, needed by traveling rock group. Steady work, rec. dates. Jack Weiss—526-8722, Las Cruces, NM.

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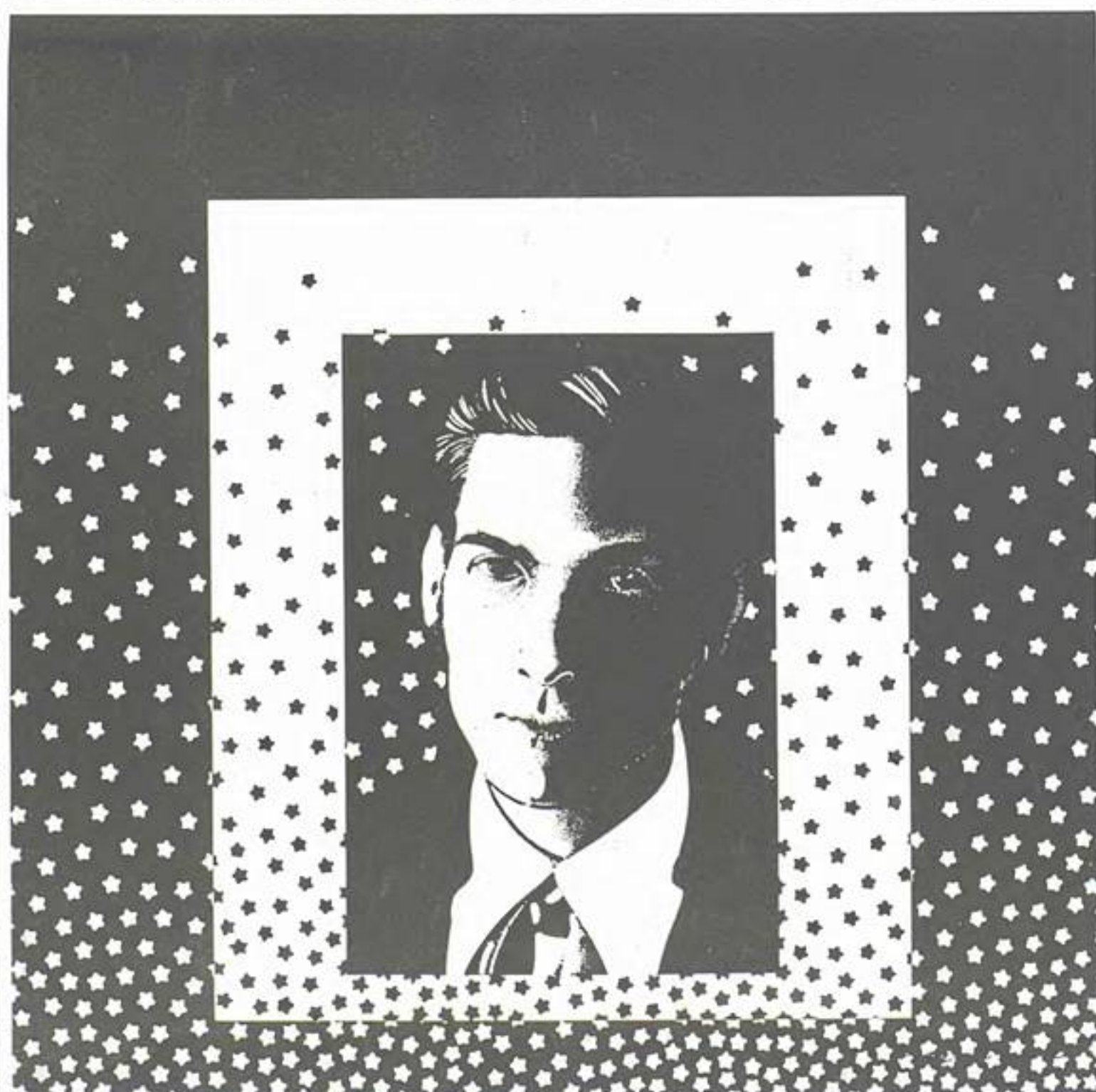
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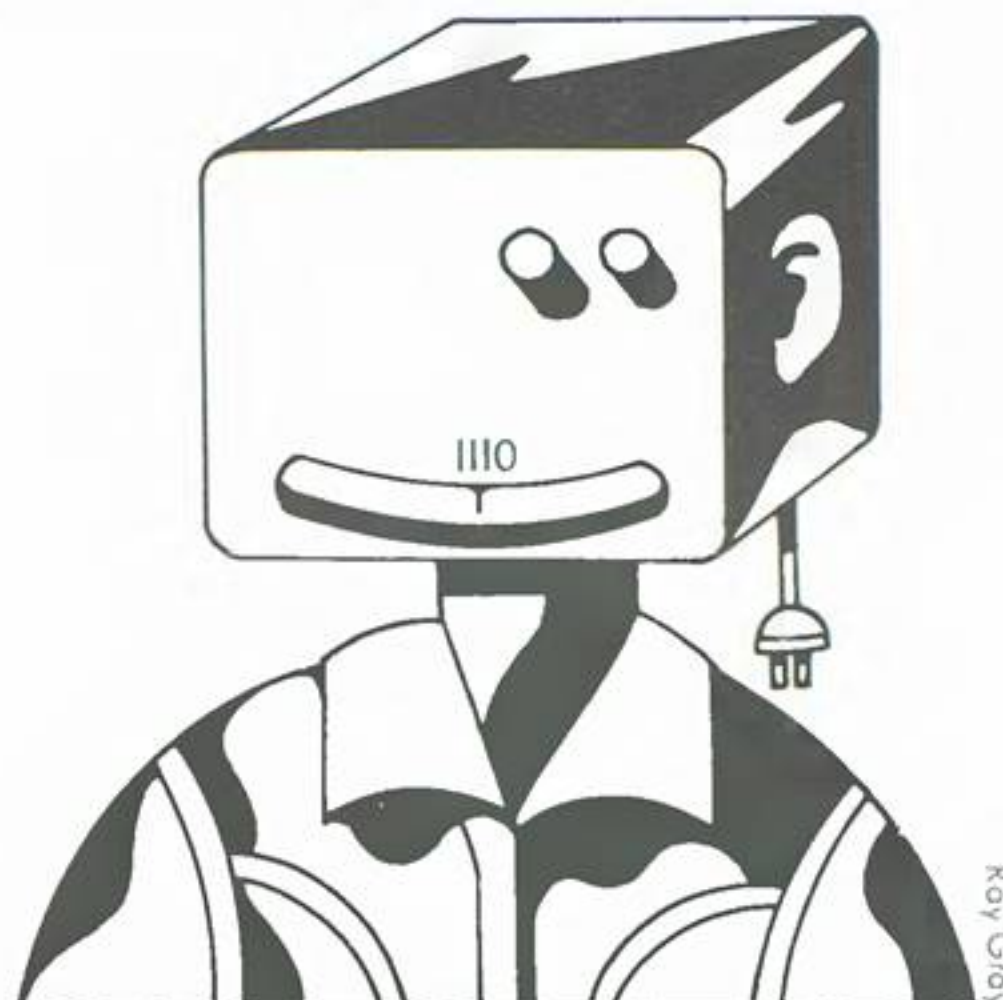


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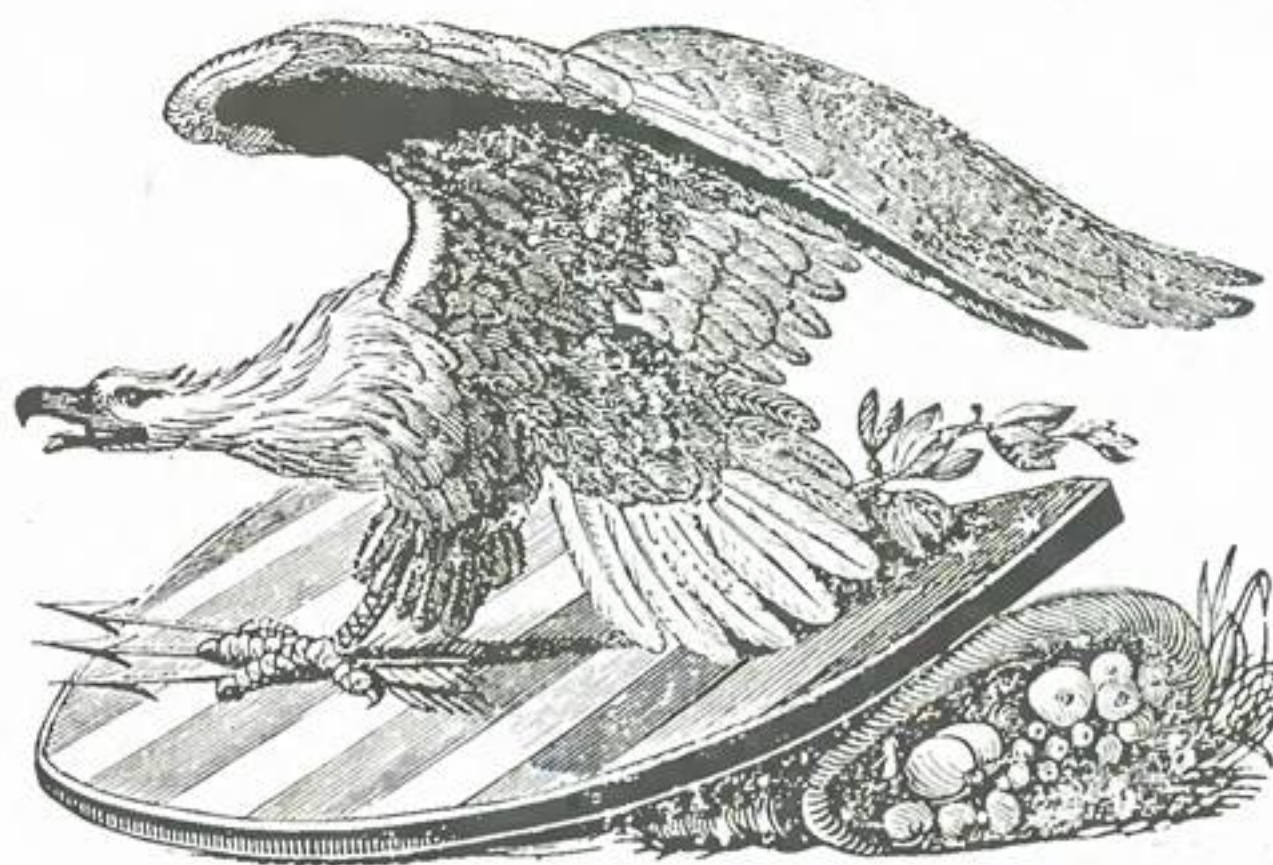
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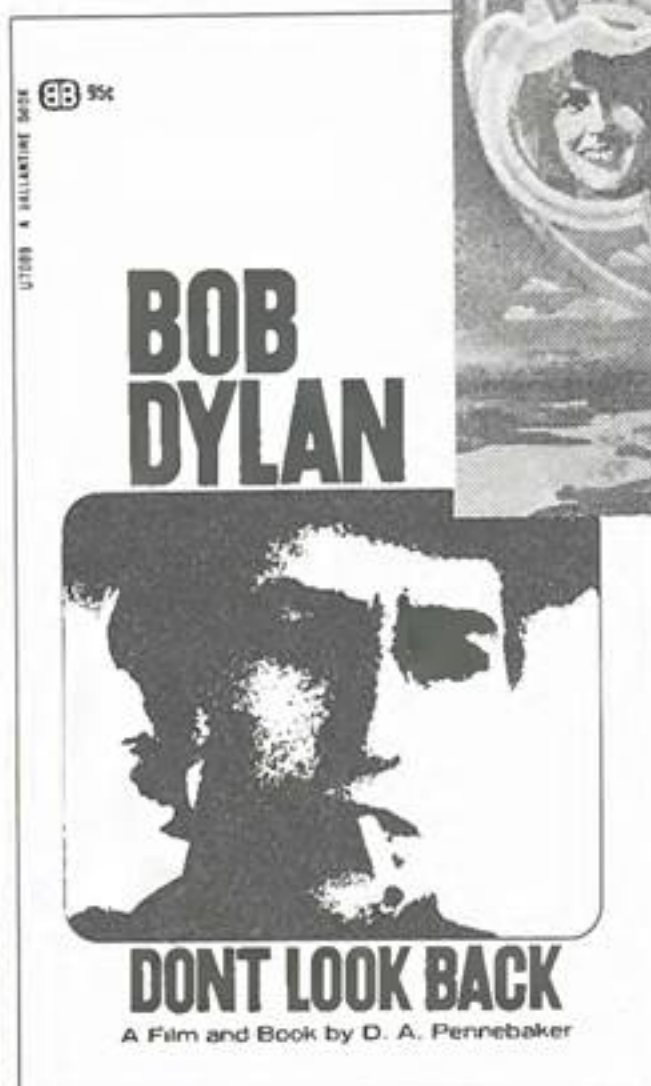
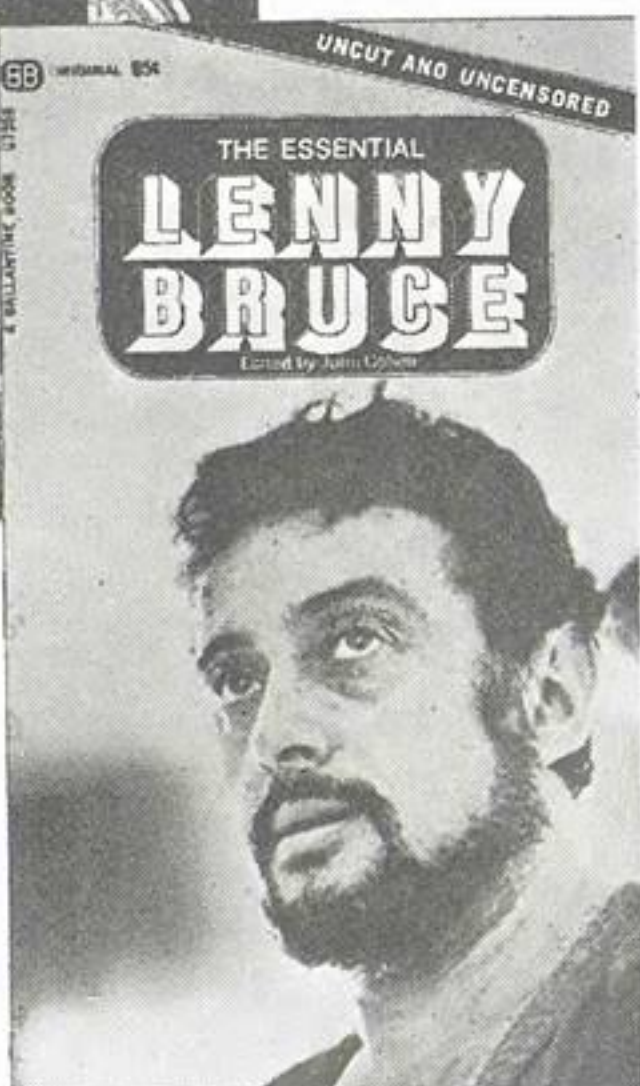
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